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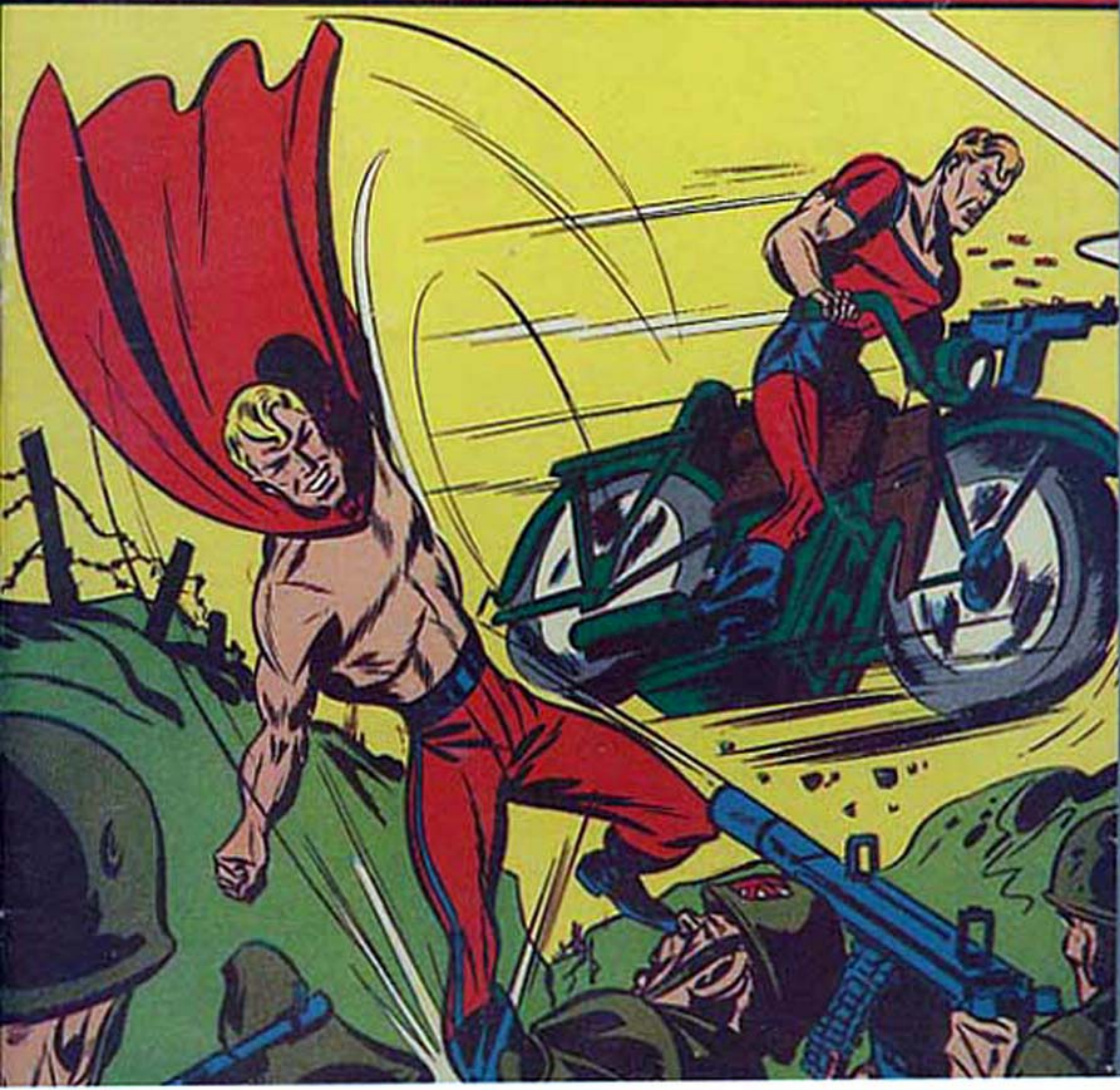
*3-18-44* *Hayden* *28*

# ZIP

## COMICS

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# Malay Jungle CHOKING STICK

WITH COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS  
FOR USE OF THIS AMAZING  
NEW JIU-JITSU TECHNIQUE

Now  
IT'S  
YOURS

# FREE!

WITH EVERY COPY  
OF NEW COURSE ON

# COMMANDO JIU-JITSU

Latest, Newest — Clearly Explained in WORDS and  
PHOTOS by a Famous U. S. Marine Corps Instructor



Positive holds on ankles, arms, neck, head  
and crotch — gained in a flash with amaz-  
ing Jungle Choking Stick Technique.  
Amazing in Defense — Deadly in Attack!



MORE THAN 150 HOLDS,  
THROWS, AND BLOWS

ILLUSTRATED WITH CLEAR  
NEW PHOTOS & DRAWINGS

BY A FAMOUS U. S.  
MARINE INSTRUCTOR

**D**ON'T fear bullies! When threatened by someone twice your size and weight—a duck, a swivel, and a quick Commando hold will enable you to use the bully's own strength to throw him violently to his back. Big muscles and great weight are worthless against the "little fellow" who knows the Commando tricks.

This is the authentic Commando course that takes the mystery out of Jiu Jitsu and makes it easy for anyone to learn quickly. Just a few hours practice will make you a master of enough holds to give you protection from bullies, thugs or hoodlums even twice your size and weight.

Each hold, blow, or throw is shown in a series of over 150 actual photographs and drawings. First, the form of attack with fist, knife, club or pistol. Second, the defense and the surprise "Disarm" hold that makes the bully drop his weapon or suffer a broken arm or leg. Third, the "Throw" that enables you to use the bully's own strength against him and stand on your feet unruffled while he struggles for breath or nurses a banged head.

## FIRST TIME EVER PUBLISHED

New Choking Stick technique learned from Savage Malay Jungle Fighters. Exact instructions fully illustrated for using the

vicious and deadly Malay Choking Stick. Defenses, holds, throws, and disabling blows never before put in published form. Especially valuable for service men, Civilian Defense Patrolmen, Plant Guards, Police, and Detective Officers.

## MALAY JUNGLE CHOKING STICK FREE to those who hurry

We have a limited supply of Jungle Choking Sticks—same type as used in Malay Jungle, and exactly the same as used in the photographs illustrating this Commando Course in Jiu Jitsu. A practical, useful, weapon that makes a one man "blitz" in the hands of those who learn its use. NOTE: Must not be placed in the hands of children or irresponsible persons. Practice with this Jungle Choking Stick must be done with great care or serious injury may result. This is not a plaything, but a deadly weapon.

**D**ON'T wait until the supply of Choking Sticks is gone. Send now. Fill in the coupon, send cash, money order, or check, and we will prepay postage. Or, if you prefer, put an X in the COD square and we will ship Commando Book AND Choking Stick, for \$1.98 plus COD charges and postage. Prepare now and be the "man of the hour" when the time comes.

**FREE  
CHOKING  
STICK  
IF YOU HURRY**

**WILCOX & FOLLETT CO., Dept. 62**  
1255 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 5, Ill.

Send me your new Defense Manual of Commando Jiu Jitsu, including more than 150 photographs and drawings of men and women; and including the never before published blows, holds, and "throws" now made possible by use of the Jungle Choking Stick. You will also send **ABSOLUTELY FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE**, one Jungle Choking Stick for practice. Total cost, \$1.98.

☐ I enclose remittance for \$1.98.  
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☐ Send above COD for \$1.98 plus COD fees and charges. I will pay postman.

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Orders from Canada must include full remittance in U.S. Exchange.

**A FEW HOURS** spent now practicing Commando Jiu Jitsu may save your life or your property when you are attacked—or may save you or your loved ones from severe injury. The real heroes are not the men of brawn, but the ones who have the "know how"—men who can use their heads in a cool, sure, swift, and knowing way when the emergency calls for someone to step forward and take the situation in hand.

**WILCOX & FOLLETT CO. Dept. 62**  
1255 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago 5, Ill.



# STEEL STERLING

and

**THE WAND  
of  
WEIRDNESS**





A MUSEUM! A TREASURE HOUSE OF THE PAST! WHAT WEIRD FORGOTTEN SECRETS OF THE AGES REPOSE WITHIN ITS 20TH. CENTURY WALLS?



WITHIN, TWO SLINKING FIGURES SEEK TO ROB!

WOW!  
WOTTA  
HAUL,  
APOLLO!

SHUT UP,  
AN' GET TO  
WORK,  
MULEY!



DA  
WATCHMAN!

I'LL **FIX**  
HIM!

WHA--  
CROOKS!

BLAST IT!  
MY GUN'S  
JAMMED! HE'LL  
SHOOT ME  
FULL O'  
HOLES!

CLICK



HMM... I CAN  
USE **THIS!**



THIS OUGHTA  
MAKE A **GOOD**  
CLUB!





YOU FILTHY  
RATS! NOW  
I WILL  
SHOOT!

DO SOME PIN'  
APOLLO, HE'S  
GONNA  
DRILL  
US!

WHADDA YA EXPECT ME  
TO DO? IF I WUZ A  
MAGICIAN, I'D WAVE  
THIS WAND, AND  
WISH **LIGHTNING'D**  
STRIKE HIM  
DOWN!

AND THEN MIRACULOUSLY,  
THE EVIL WISH IS  
ANSWERED!

HOLY  
CATS!--  
LOOK!

AGHHH...

WHAT IN..? DID DAT  
LIGHTNING COME OUTA  
DIS STICK?

LOOK.. IT SAYS  
IT'S A MAGIC  
WAND!

WHATEVER  
IT IS, LET'S  
SCRAM! DA  
COPS'LL BE  
HERE SOON!

BUT THEY HAVE FAILED  
TO READ AN INSCRIPTION,  
IN THE GLASS CASE  
BESIDE THE STRANGE  
WAND----

LEGEND HAS IT, THAT  
WHOEVER USES THIS WAND  
FOR EVIL PURPOSES, WILL  
HAVE EVIL VISITED BACK  
UPON HIM--

LATER, STEEL STERLING  
RECEIVES A PHONE CALL...

AND YOU SAY THE  
WATCHMAN WAS KILLED  
BY LIGHTNING, CLANCY?  
OKAY, I'LL BE  
RIGHT  
OVER!



LATER, AT THE MUSEUM...



HEY, STEEL, LOOK, A GUN WITH INITIALS ON IT!



HMM-- A.B.



.. AND YET THIS PLACE IS FULLY PROTECTED BY LIGHTNING RODS! WHAT'S MISSING, CLANCY?

THAT'S THE QUEER PART! ONLY THE THING CALLED A MAGIC WAND!



BOY! OF ALL THE DUMB THINGS TO DO!



I THOUGHT APOLLO BATES WAS A SLICKER OPERATOR THAN THAT!



GULP! APOLLO, LOOK WHO'S HERE!

THE WAND! SO IT WAS YOU WHO PULLED THAT MUSEUM JOB!



SURE, STERLING! AN' THERE AIN'T A THING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT!!



WHAT THE!

ALL I GOTTA DO IS, WISH FOR YOU TO STOP!



HOLY MACKERAL...  
I CAN'T SEEM  
TO MOVE AN  
INCH!

HAW, HAW!  
LOOKIT DE  
MAN OF  
STEEL!

SEE WHAT  
I MEAN,  
PAL?

I COULD  
EASILY KILL  
YA NOW, STERLING!  
BUT I'M GONNA  
HAVE SOME  
**FUN** WITH  
YOU FIRST!

I WISH, YOU'D  
FLY AWAY, AND  
LAND ON A GERMAN  
SUB!... DEM NAZIS  
GOT NICE WAYS  
OF TORTURIN'  
THEIR ENEMIES!

WHA...SOMETHING  
IS PULLING  
ME AWAY!

TRUE TO ITS COMMAND  
THE WAND SWISHES STEEL  
OUT TO SEA, STRAIGHT  
FOR A GERMAN SUB--

-- AND DOWN INTO  
THE OPEN CONNING  
TOWER--

DAT'S DAT!  
LET'S WISH  
FER SUMTIN'  
TO EAT  
APOLLO!

NOT A BAD  
IDEA! I'M  
KINDA  
HUNGRY  
MYSELF!





HERE WE ARE, AN EIGHT COURSE MEAL!

BOYBOY! AN' NO RATION POINTS!



AFTER THE MEAL...

AHH! WAS DAT GOOD, LET'S GO OUT, AN' ROB A BANK, APOLLO!

NITWIT! WE DON'T HAVE TO ROB BANKS NO MORE!



I JUST WAVE DA WAND AND ASK FER A HEAP O' GOLD.. AND HERE IT IS!

YII!



THE WORLD IS OURS! I KIN FILL THIS WHOLE ROOM WITH GOLD IF I WANNA! THE WORLD IS OUR OYSTER, MULEY, FROM NOW ON!

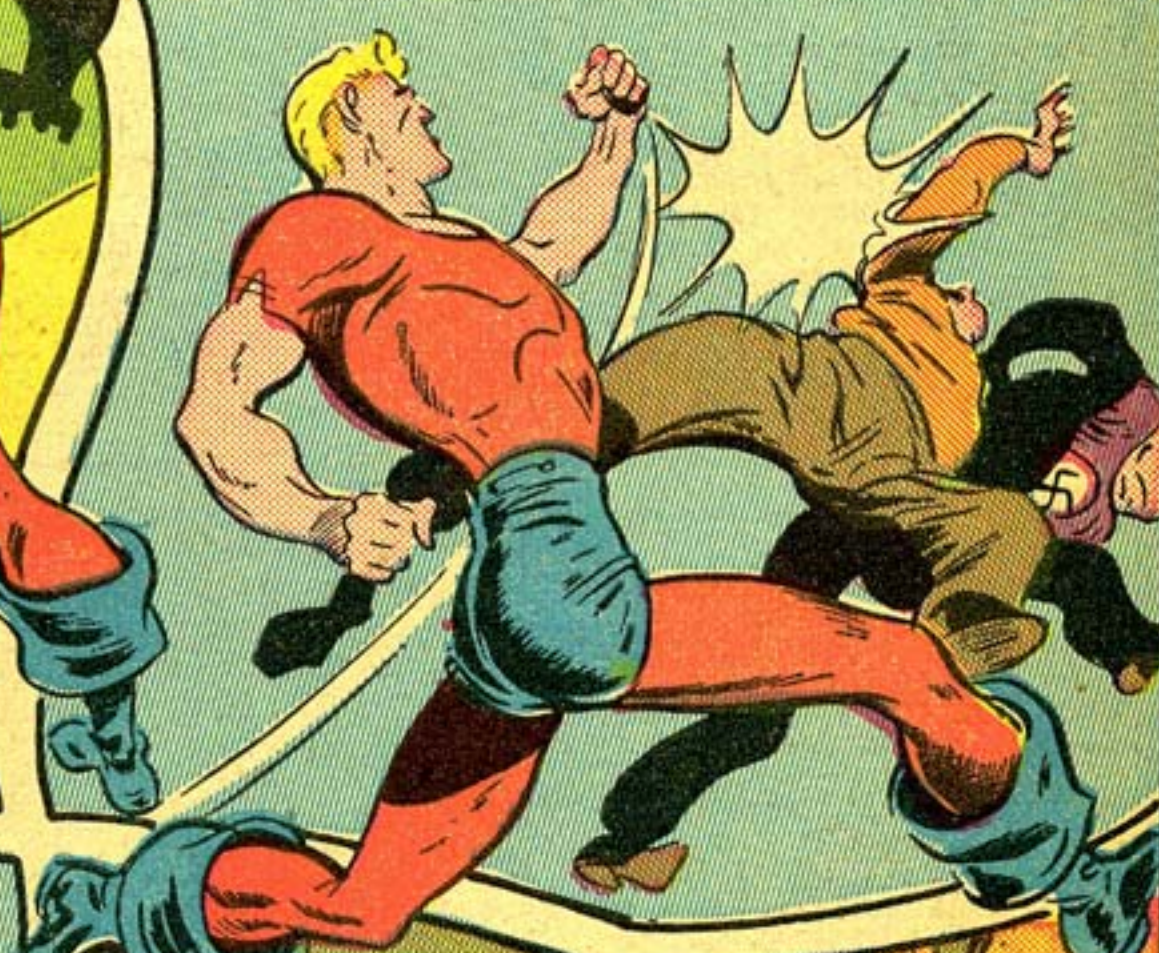
MEANWHILE, WHAT OF STEEL STERLING...



OH, OH... THESE GUYS DON'T SEEM TO LIKE PEOPLE TO DROP IN ON 'EM... ESPECIALLY AMERICANS!



AS LONG AS I'M HERE, I MAY AS WELL DO A GOOD JOB OF IT! WHERE'S THE TORPEDO ROOM?



THERE! THIS TORPEDO'S ON A HOT RUN!



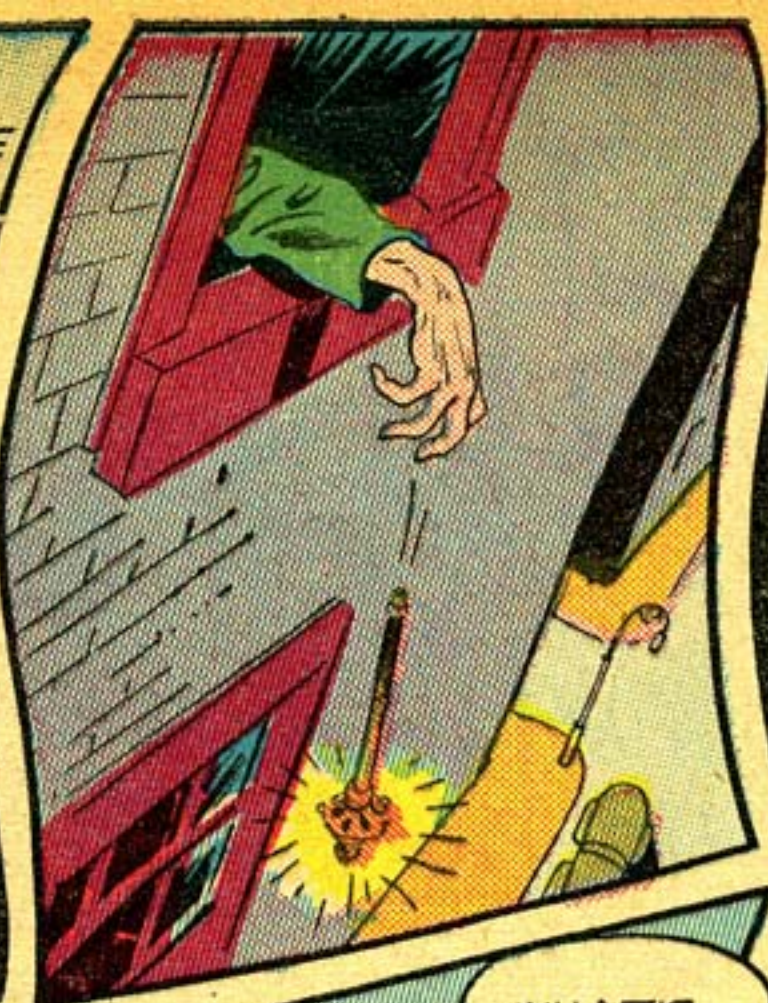
WHIRRR







THE MAGIC WAND OBEYS THE DOUBLE COMMAND, GIVEN EXACTLY THE SAME MOMENT..



DEAD! BOTH OF THEM! PROBABLY KILLED BY THE WAND! BUT WHERE'S THE WAND?

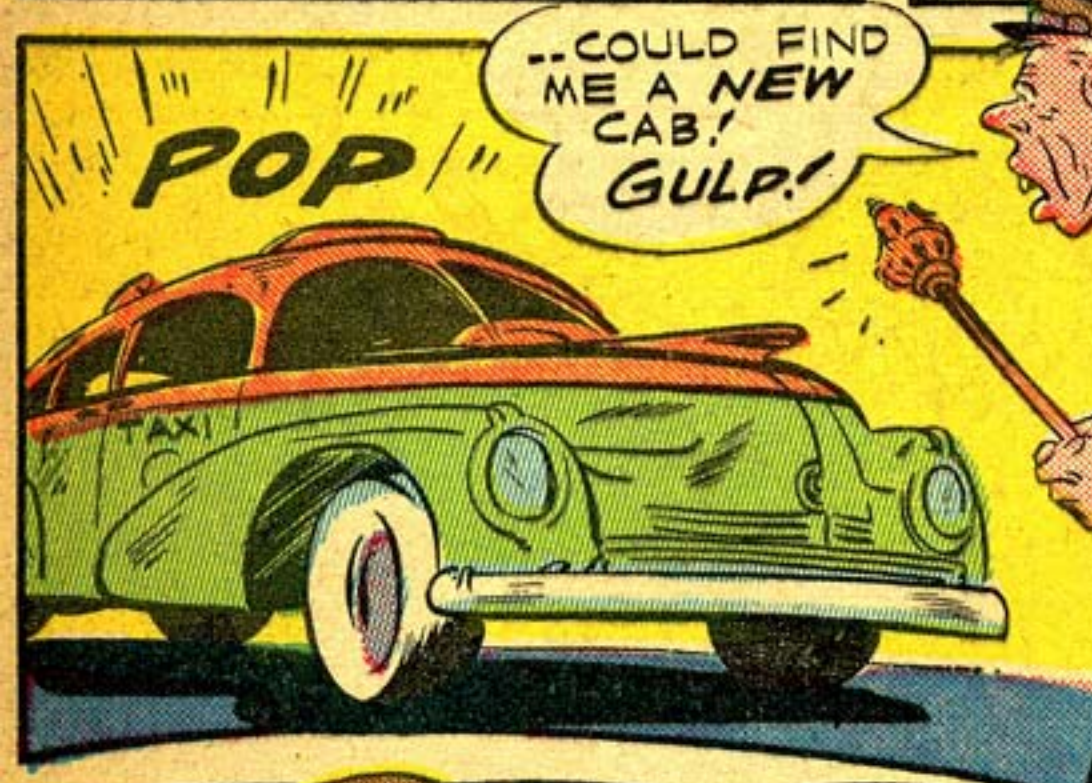
THUS HAS THE WAND FULFILLED ITS LEGENDARY CURSE OF BRINGING EVIL TO THOSE WHO USED IT! BUT THIS CURSE APPLIES TO THE GOOD AS WELL AS THE BAD! THE INNOCENT AS WELL AS THE GUILTY! CAN STEEL RETRIEVE IT, BEFORE IT WREAKS FURTHER HARM? NEXT WE SEE THE WAND BEING PICKED UP BY A VERY COMMON-PLACE CABBIE---



WHAT'S THIS?



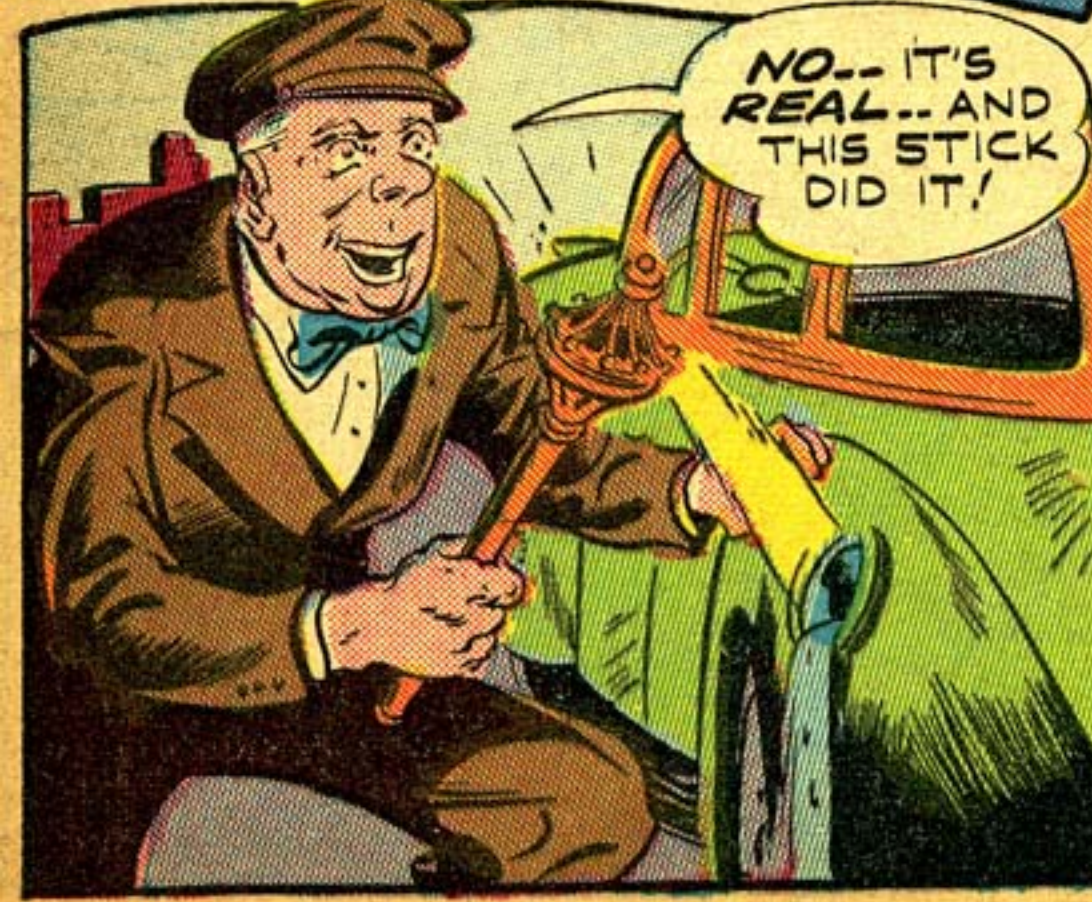
AH.. I'M ALWAYS FINDIN' JUNK! I WISH SOMETIME I..



..COULD FIND ME A NEW CAB! GULP!



IT'S A TRICK! MY EYES ARE GOIN' ON ME!



NO.. IT'S REAL.. AND THIS STICK DID IT!



THE WAND! THAT CABBIE'S GOT IT!!



NOW TO TRY HER OUT!  
OH, OH! HERE COMES THAT SNOOPING  
FAT SLOB, CLANCY! HE'LL WANT TO  
KNOW WHERE I GOT THE NEW  
CAR AND EXTRA GAS!  
I'D BETTER  
BEAT IT!

HEY! COME  
BACK HERE!

IN HIS HASTE TO ESCAPE, THE  
CABBY MISJUDGES A TURN, AND...

AND  
SO,  
ONCE  
AGAIN  
THE  
CURSE  
BEARS  
FRUIT!  
WHO  
WILL  
BE  
THE  
NEXT  
VICTIM  
??

THE IMPACT FLINGS THE WAND ONTO  
THE SIDEWALK, RIGHT AT THE FEET OF  
DIPPY DUGAN RACKETEER ----

OH, OH!  
I GOT TO  
HIM TOO  
LATE!

WHERE'S  
THAT WAND,  
CABBY?

I DON'T KNOW, OR  
CARE! I NEVER  
WANT TO SEE  
THAT **CURSED**  
**STICK** AGAIN!

BUT...

I SAW DAT  
CABBIE CHANGE  
HIS OLD HEAP  
INTO A  
**NEW**  
CAR!

CURSED  
STICK IS RIGHT!  
I HOPE NO ONE  
PICKS IT UP!

IF IT  
WORKED  
FOR HIM,  
IT'LL WORK  
FER ME!



MONEY! ROLL  
OUTA DIS BANK!

GIVE ME  
THAT WAND!

I'M  
SURROUNDED!

NATIONAL  
BANK

NATIONAL  
BANK

WAND! MAKE  
STERLING  
FIGHT DE  
BULLS!

NOW YOU  
GET IT,  
RAT!

BULLETS!  
GO  
AROUND  
ME!!

SPLAT

BUT STEEL!  
WHY'RE YOU  
PUTTING IT  
BACK?

READ THAT SIGN  
ABOUT THE WAND'S  
HISTORY, CLANCY,  
AND YOU'LL SEE  
WHY! AND FROM  
WHAT'S HAPPENED  
TODAY, I BELIEVE  
IN SIGNS... BUT  
DEFINITELY!

TRUE TO HIS COMMAND, THE  
BULLETS GO AROUND DIPPY,  
BUT RICOCHET OFF THE  
WALL, AND...

LATER...

THAT'S  
THAT!

AGG-NNNN

ZING  
ZING  
ZING

THIS IS THE MAGIC WAND!  
SUPPOSED TO HAVE BELONGED  
TO MERLIN, THE MAGICIAN!  
IT'S MAGIC POWERS ARE  
BELIEVED TO EXIST ONLY  
ONCE EVERY THOUSAND  
YEARS...



HEY GANG!  
HERE'S YOUR  
CHANCE TO PUT  
MUSCLES ON YOUR  
UNCLE SAM-AN'  
MAKE SOME SPENDING  
MONEY AT THE  
SAME TIME!

RIGHT! OUR COUNTRY  
NEEDS PAPER AND IT'S  
UP TO YOU KIDS TO SEE  
THAT YOUR OLD UNCLE  
GETS IT. HERE ARE SOME  
SIMPLE RULES ON HOW  
TO HELP- AND MAKE  
MONEY AT THE SAME  
TIME!



1. - SAVE YOUR WASTE PAPER.

OLD NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES,  
CARDBOARD BOXES, PAPER  
RAGS, ETC.

2. WHEN YOU'VE GOT A GOOD  
PILE, TIE IT INTO A BUNDLE  
AND GET IN TOUCH WITH  
A SALVAGE COLLECTOR.

3. EVERY CITY, TOWN  
OR VILLAGE HAS A  
COLLECTION DEPOT. IT  
MIGHT BE YOUR C.D.V.O.  
HEADQUARTERS, OR THE  
BOY SCOUT HEADQUARTERS,  
OR THE RED CROSS, OR  
YOUR LOCAL CHURCH. IT'S  
EASY ENOUGH TO FIND OUT.  
THEY'LL GIVE YOU A NICE  
PRICE FOR YOUR SCRAP  
PAPER!





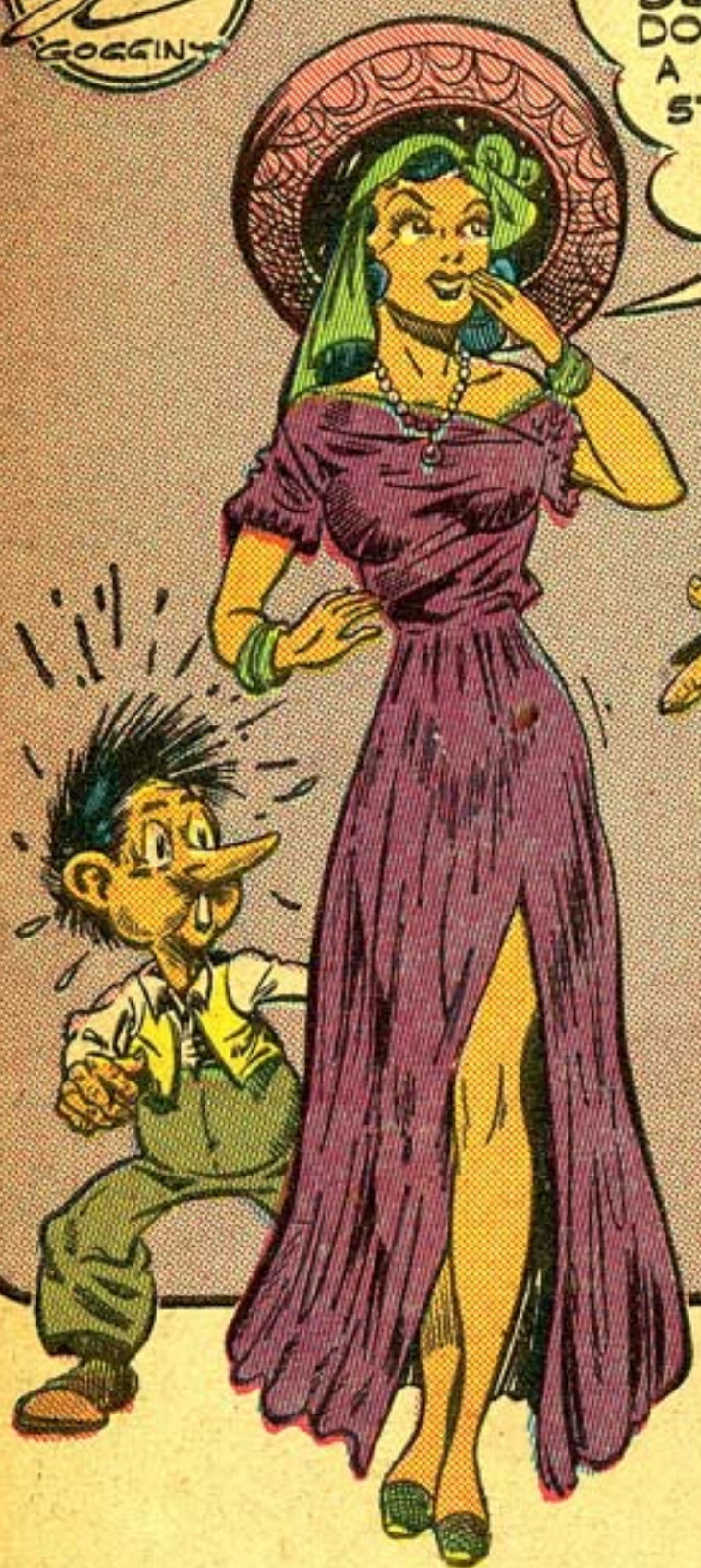
# Señor BANANA

STENCHO ODORA

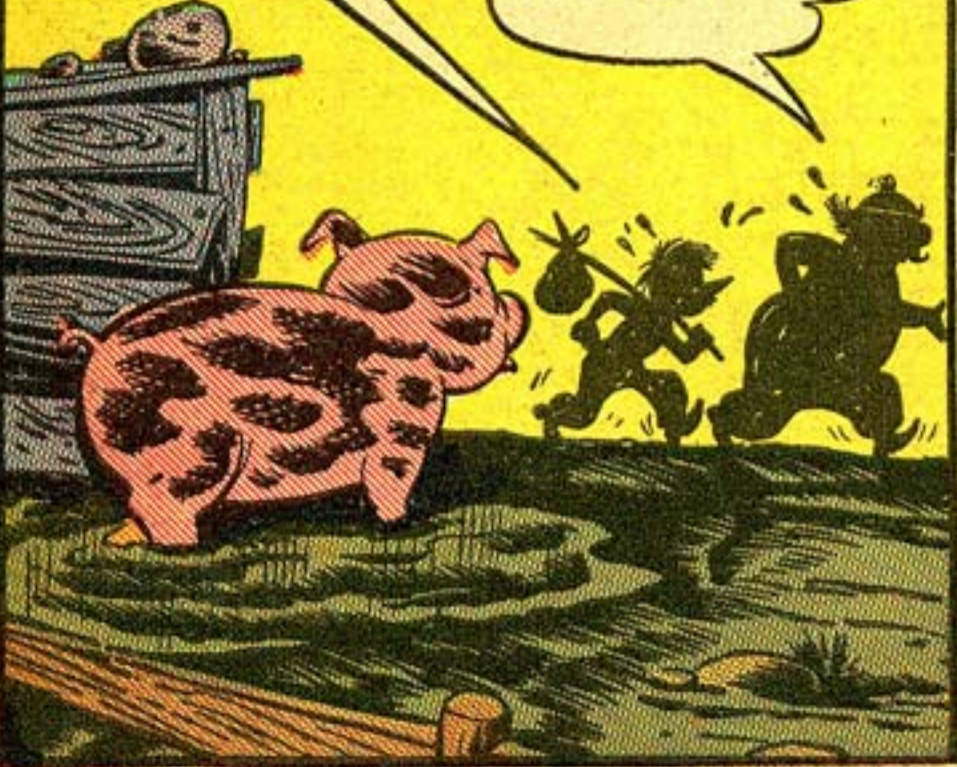
SHALE & GREENGLASS  
GOGGIN

ARE YOU  
**SURE**, YOU  
DON'T HAVE  
A **WIFE**,  
STENCHO  
? ? ?

**HA!** EEF I  
HAV' THEN MAY  
I BE **STRUCK**  
DOWN THEES  
MEENUTE!



STENCHO.. I SEE  
BY FAMILIAR  
FACES, THAT  
WE ARE EEN  
YOUR HOME,  
TOWN, NO?



**NO!** I MEAN..  
**YES!** I AM HOME.  
SEEK FOR MY LEETLE  
WIFE, AND BESIDES  
MY **LAUNDRY**  
NEEDS TO BE  
DONE!

YAH MY DEAR.. **DEAR**  
WIFE.. MANY  
MILES HAV' I  
TRAVELLED  
TO SEE YOU  
AGAIN.. TRULY  
I **LOV'** YOU!



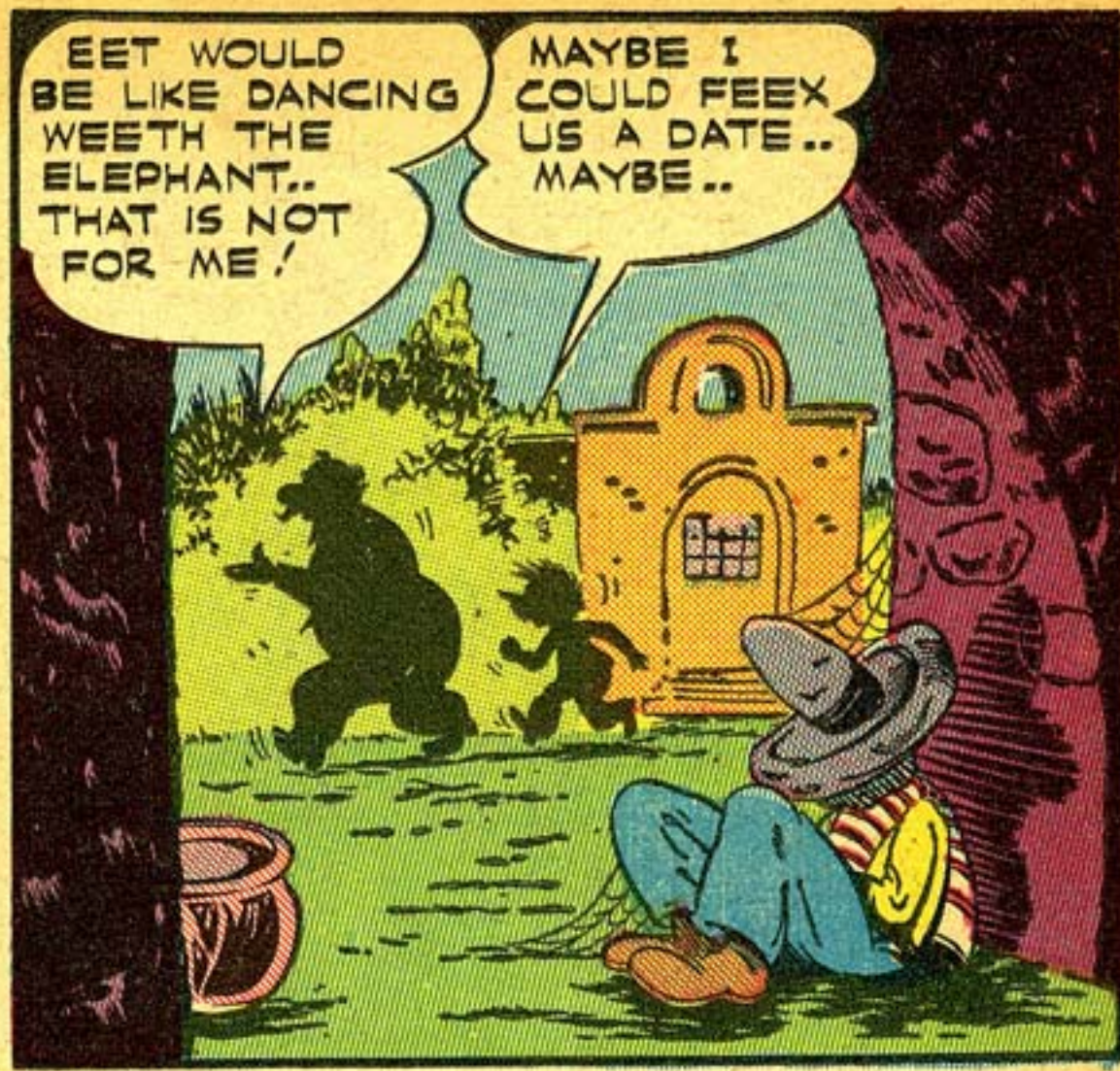
**HMPH!**

**HMM.. MAYBE**  
EET EES  
THE TRUTH,  
**MAYBE!**

**ALL RIGHT!**  
I WEEL GEEVE  
YOU ONE MORE  
CHANCE TO  
PROVE THAT  
YOU **LOV'**  
ME!



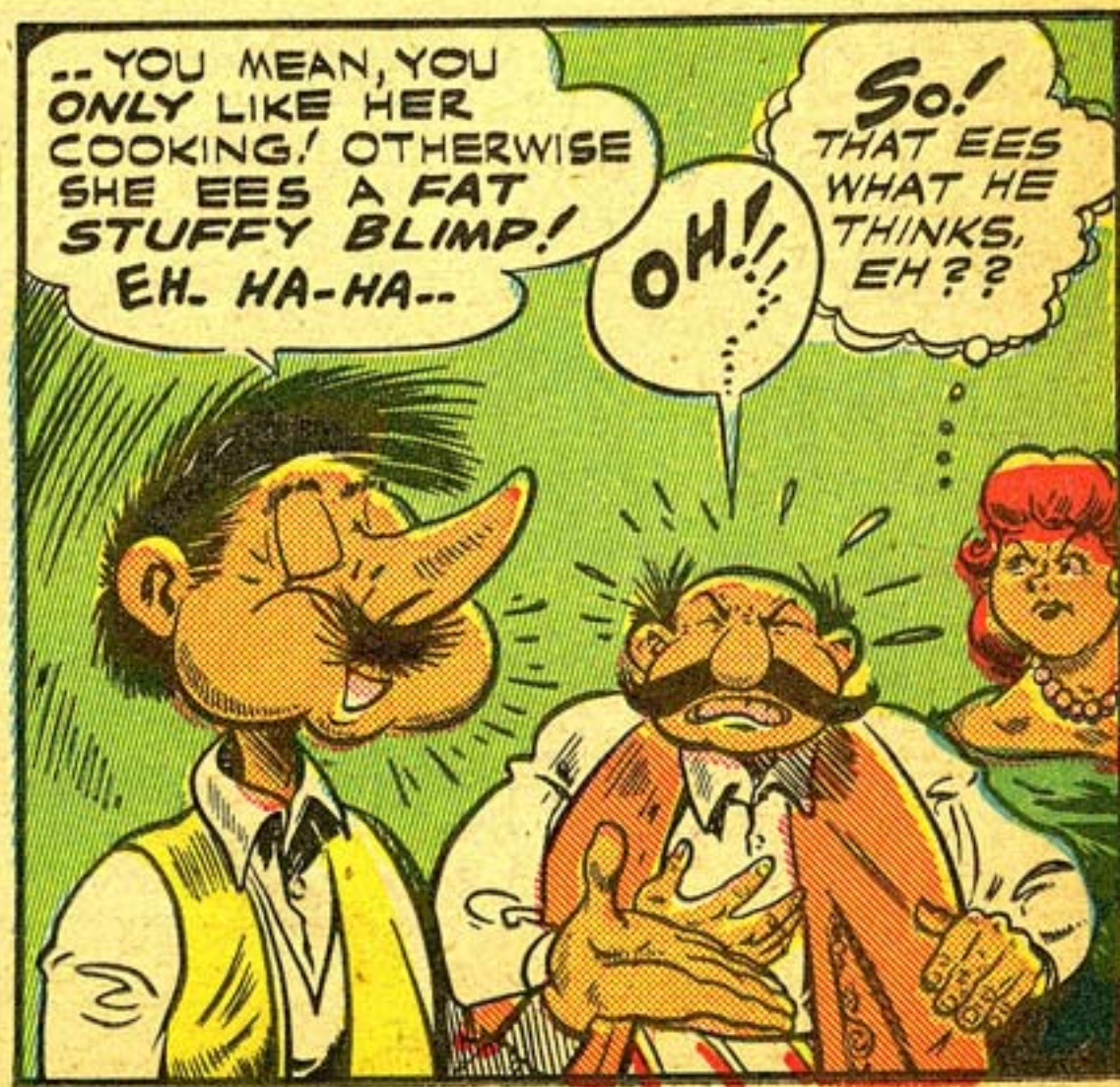














SO YOU ARE MARRIED, STENCHO..!

AH-YES!  
TO A MOST GORGEOUS  
BLIM--ER--  
CREATURE!

BUT STENCHO!  
YOU SAID EET  
YOURSELF..SHE  
EES A FAT..  
MPFF--GLUB!

HEH-HEH..  
HE MAKES  
THE JOKE..!

MY POOR LEETLE  
DARLING WIFE.. SNIFF..  
SHE MAY BE ALL  
ALONE NOW! I  
MUST GO TO  
HER!

PSST..  
CONCHITA!  
I MUST GO  
NOW, TO GET  
HOME BEFORE  
HEEM, THE  
DEAR!

BAH! THAT  
BANANA.. ALMOST  
PUT A CREEMP IN  
THE BUSINESS!

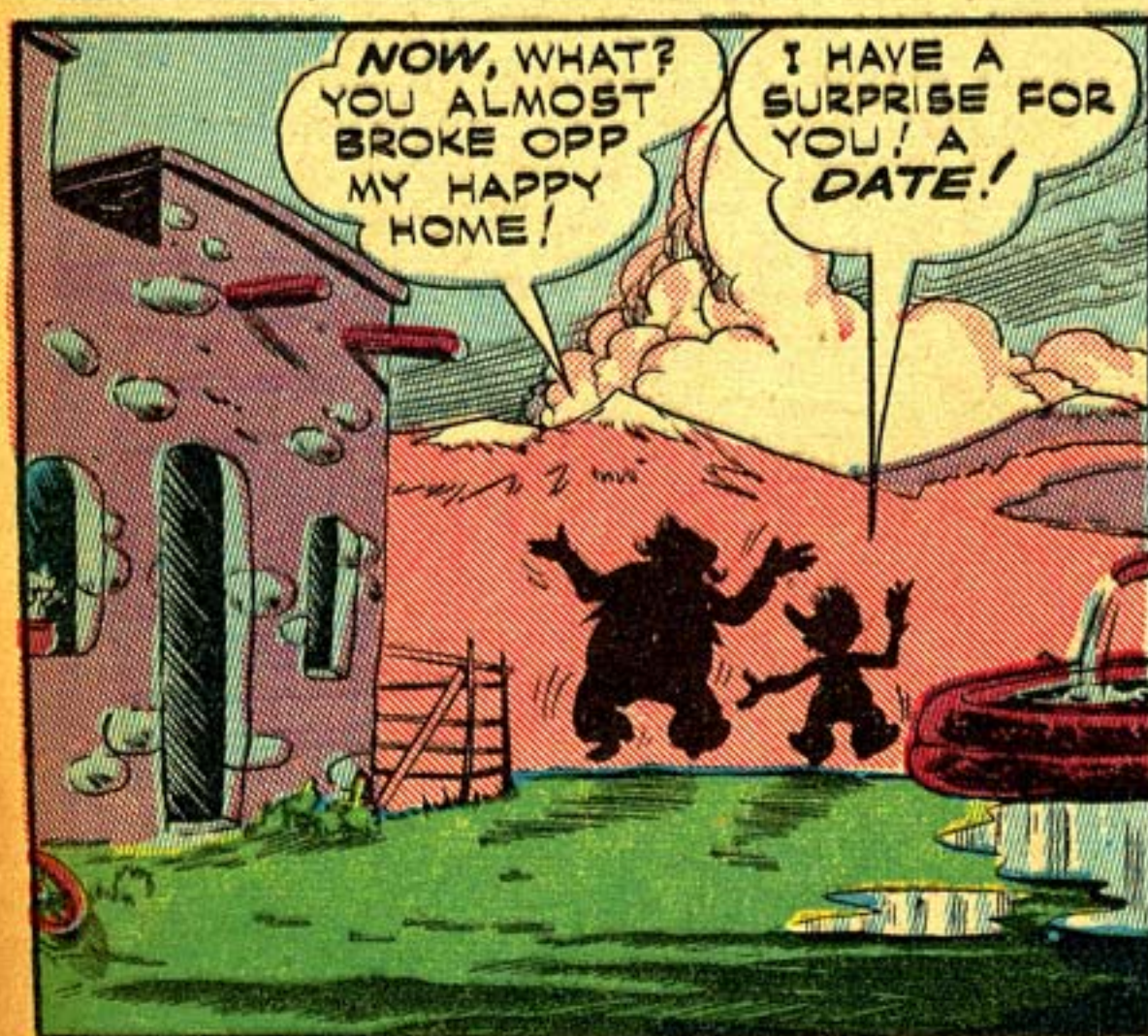
HELLO..  
MY DARLING  
WIFE! I  
HAV' MEESED  
YOU!

STENCHO  
WELCOME HOME..  
I HAV' PREPARED A  
LEETLE SNACK  
FOR YOU!

AH.. ROSITA..I  
WOULD KNOW  
YOUR COOKING  
ANYWHERE..

YOU  
WOULD?  
ER.. THAT'S  
NICE!





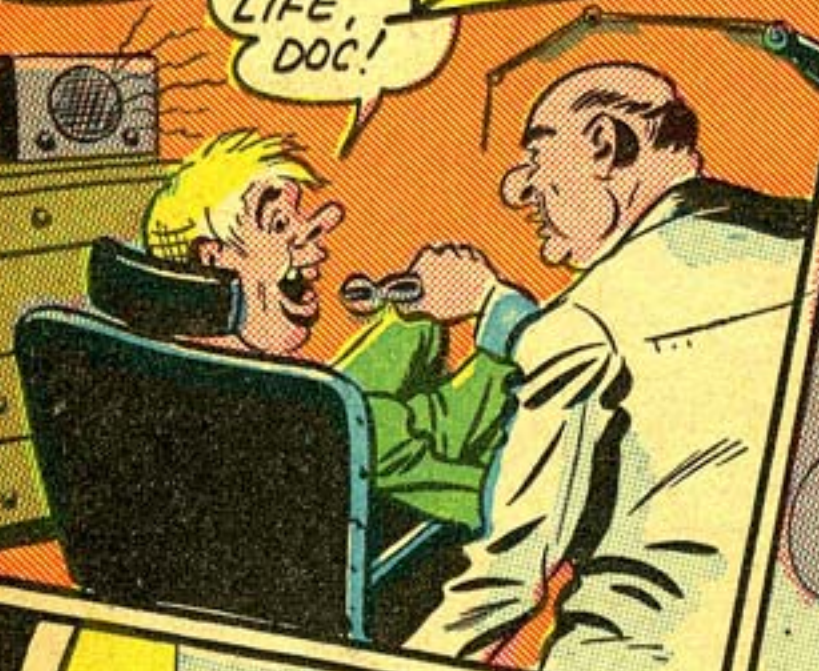


# Archie

Bill Vignola

## IS GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YOU!

HA, HA...  
NEVER LAUGHED  
SO MUCH IN MY  
LIFE,  
DOC!



BOY! WHEN  
ARCHIE'S ON THE  
AIR, EVEN MY  
MOTHER-IN-LAW  
DOESN'T BOTHER  
ME!

...AND FURTHER-  
MORE, YOU BRUTE,  
I'M TAKING MY  
DAUGHTER HOME!



QUIET —  
ON THE AIR!

THAT KID,  
ARCHIE MAKES  
ME FEEL YOUNG  
AGAIN... YIPPEE



### TUNE IN ON ARCHIE ANDREWS

5:15 P.M. EASTERN WAR TIME  
4:15 P.M. CENTRAL WAR TIME  
3:15 P.M. MOUNTAIN WAR TIME  
2:15 P.M. PACIFIC WAR TIME

ON WOR  
MUTUAL



# THE SLAP HAPPY APPLE JACKS

GRRRR!

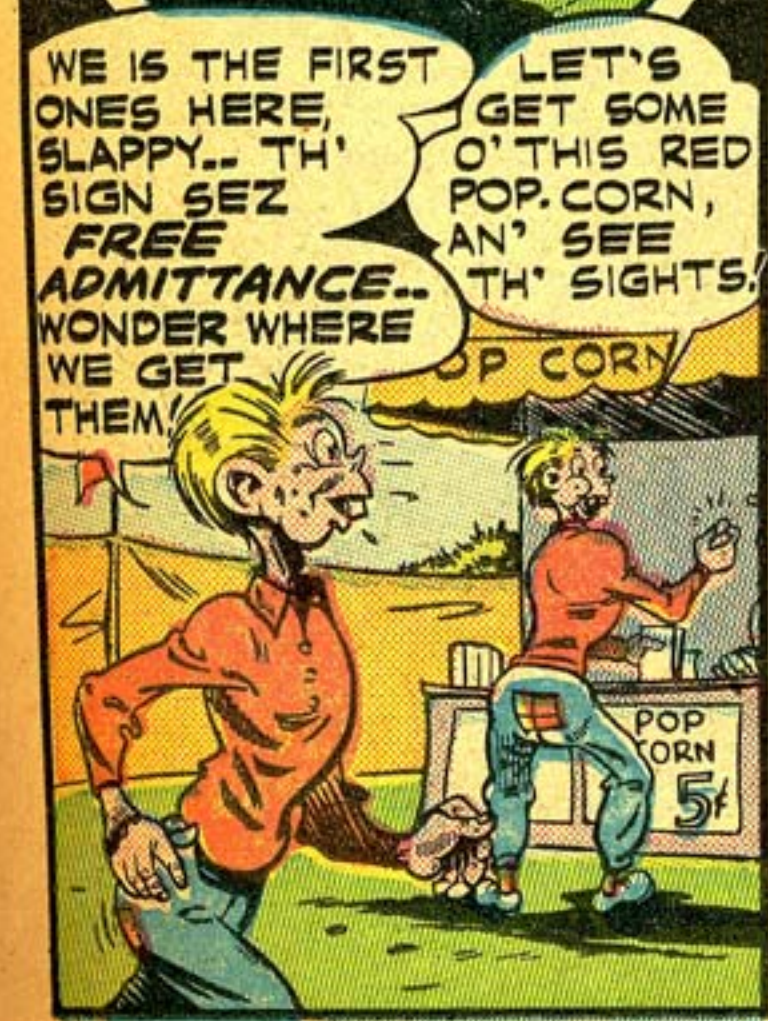
MAMMY! PAPPY!  
HELP! THAR'S  
A STRANGE  
LOOKIN'  
CREATURE  
AFTER  
ME!



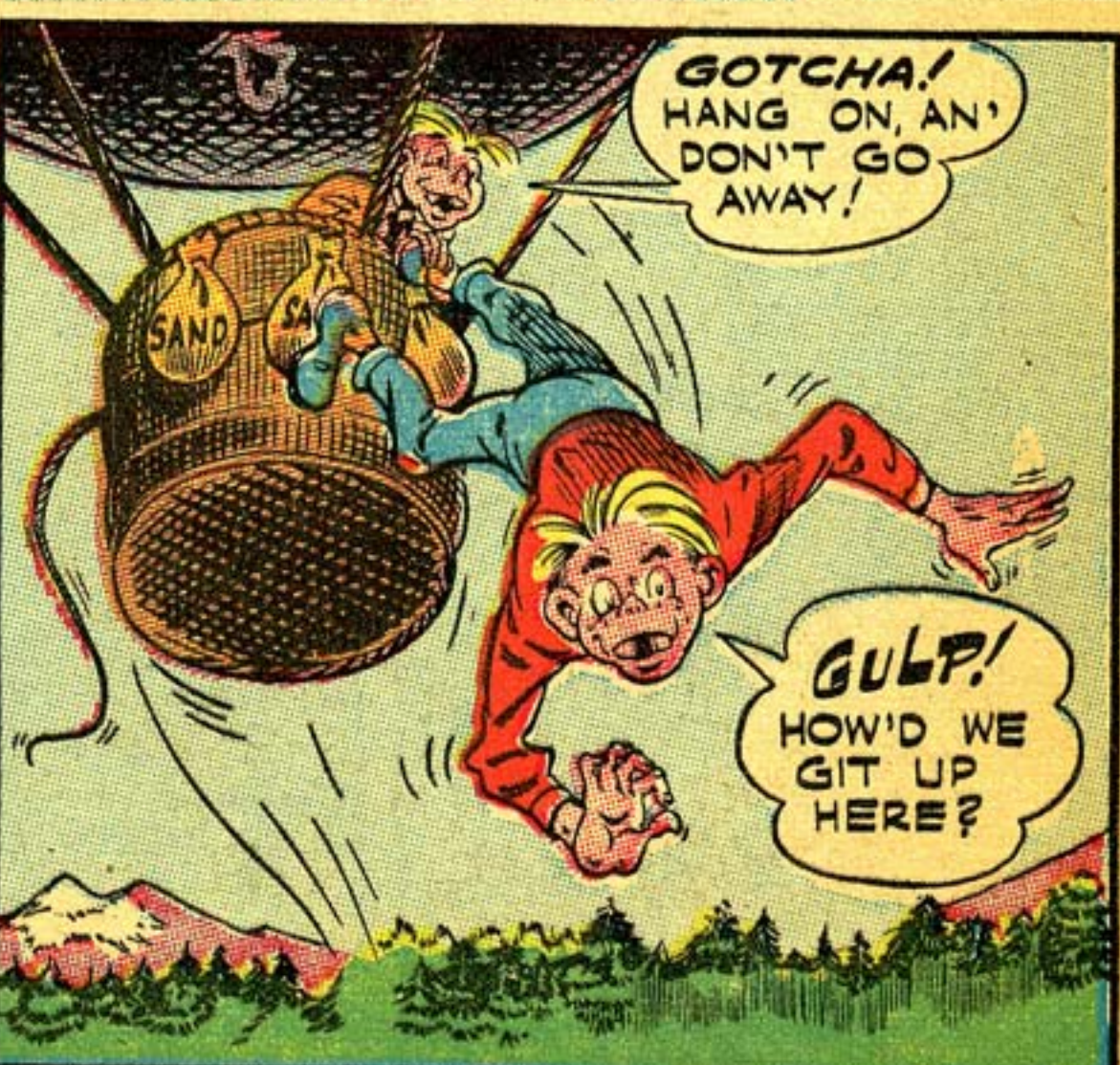
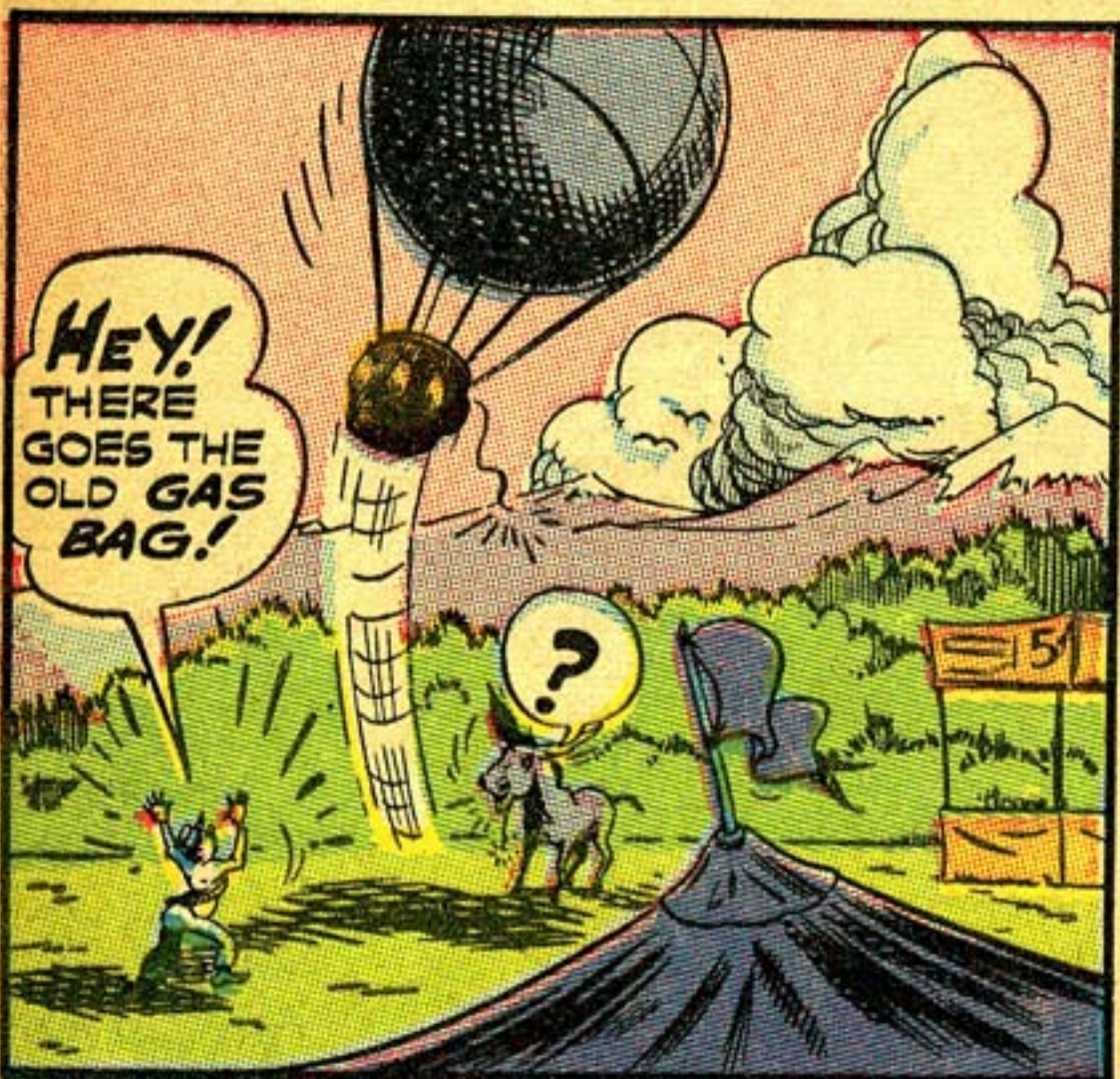
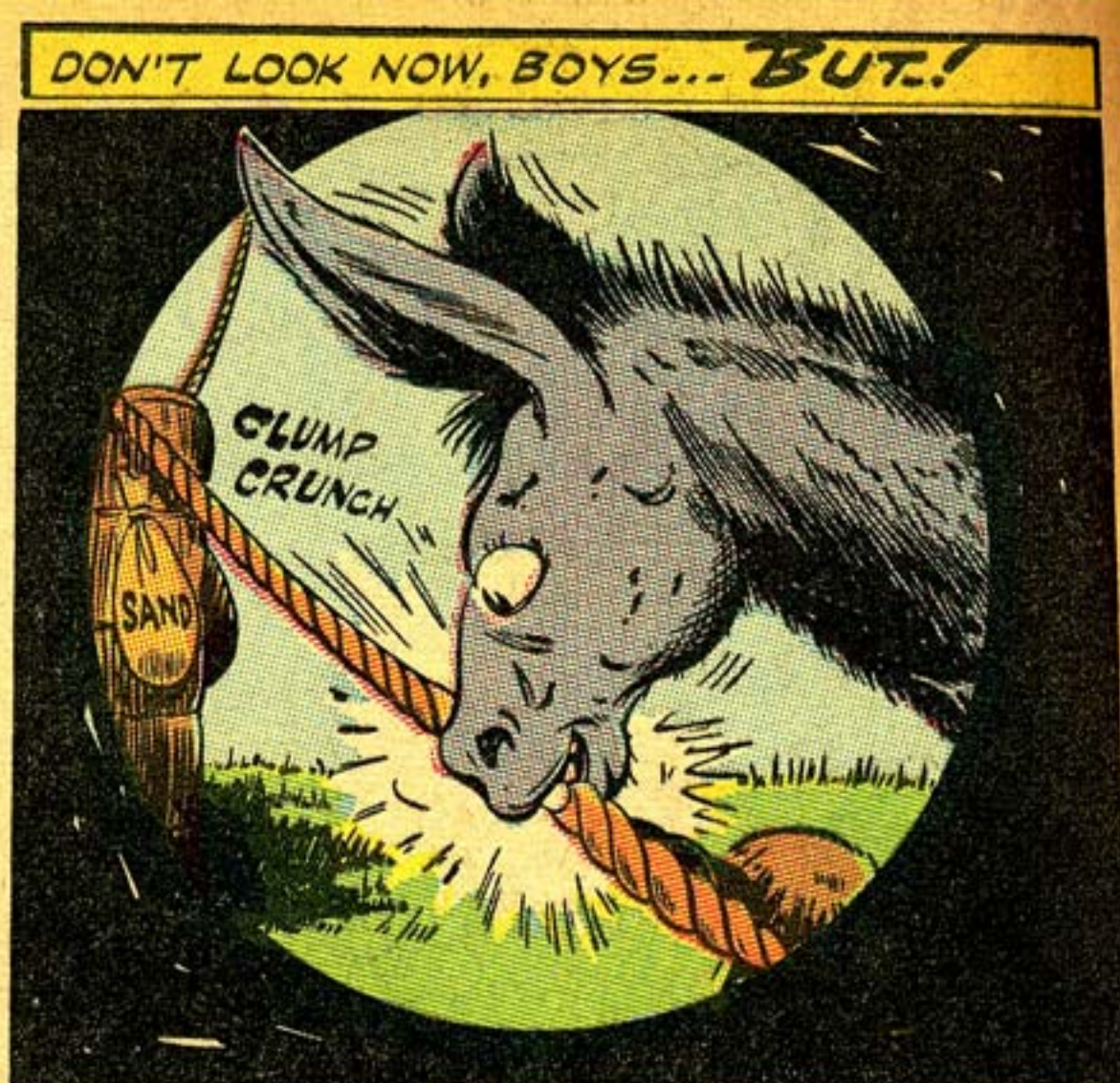
THAR'S TH'  
COUNTY FAIR,  
HAPPY! BOY!  
IS WE GONNA  
HAVE FUN!



by  
SAHLE  
SERIES









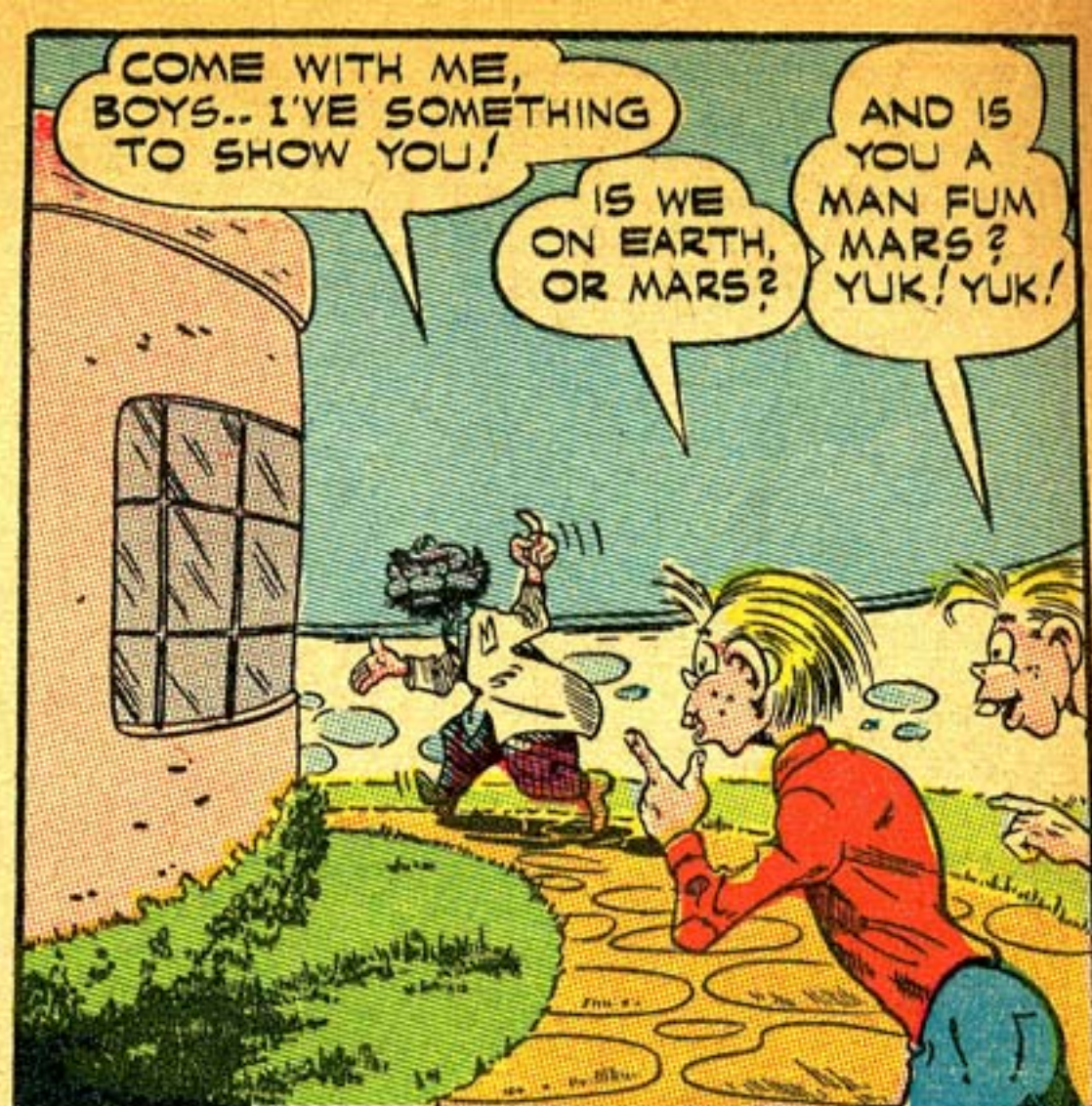






HAPPY, LOOK!  
WE IS ON LAND!  
WE IS SAVED!

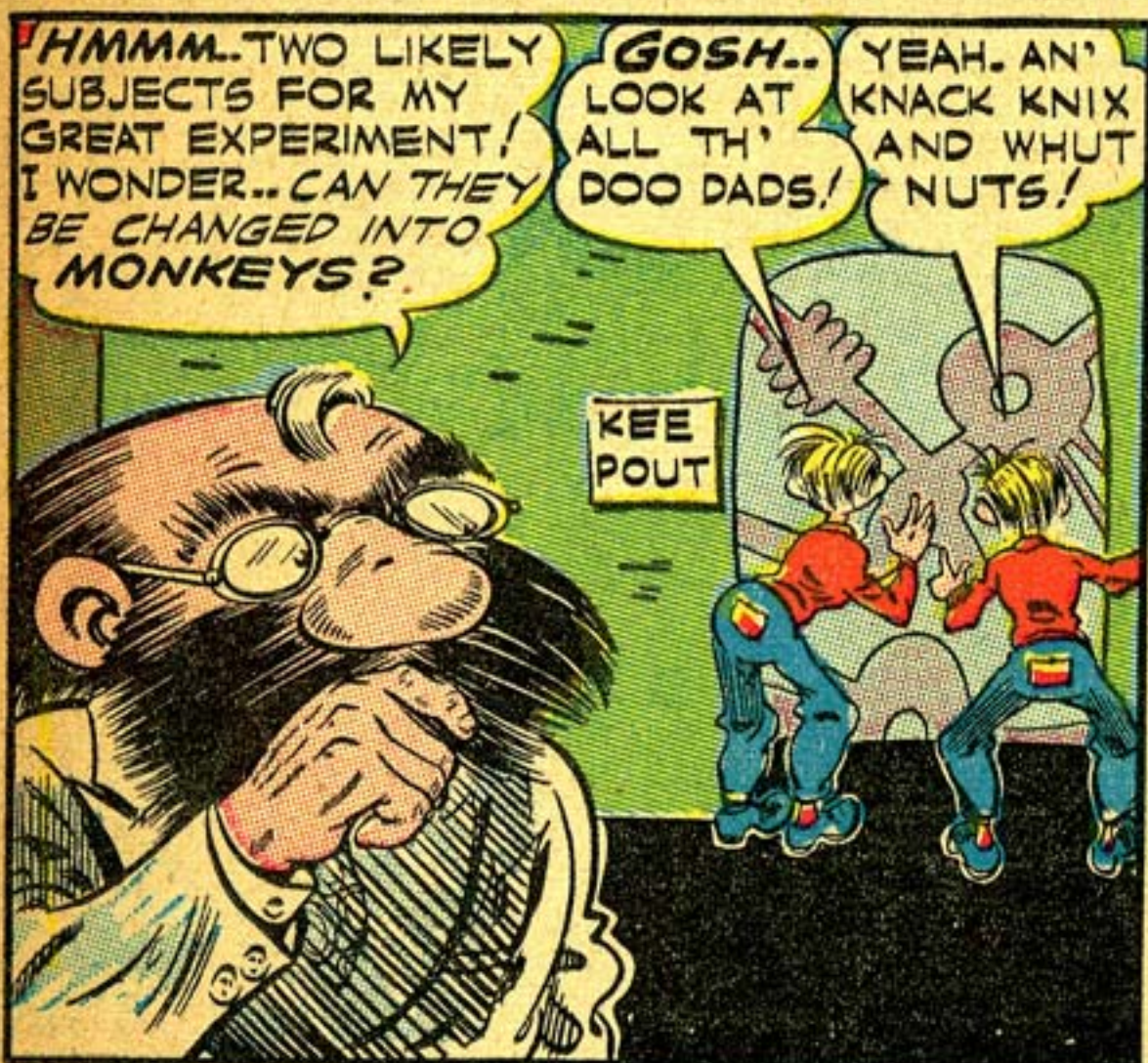
SAVED? HMM...  
BEFORE I GET  
THROUGH WITH  
THEM, THEY'LL  
WISH THEY'D HAVE  
DROPPED INTO  
THE VALLEY!



COME WITH ME,  
BOYS.. I'VE SOMETHING  
TO SHOW YOU!

IS WE  
ON EARTH,  
OR MARS?

AND IS  
YOU A  
MAN FUM  
MARS?  
YUK! YUK!

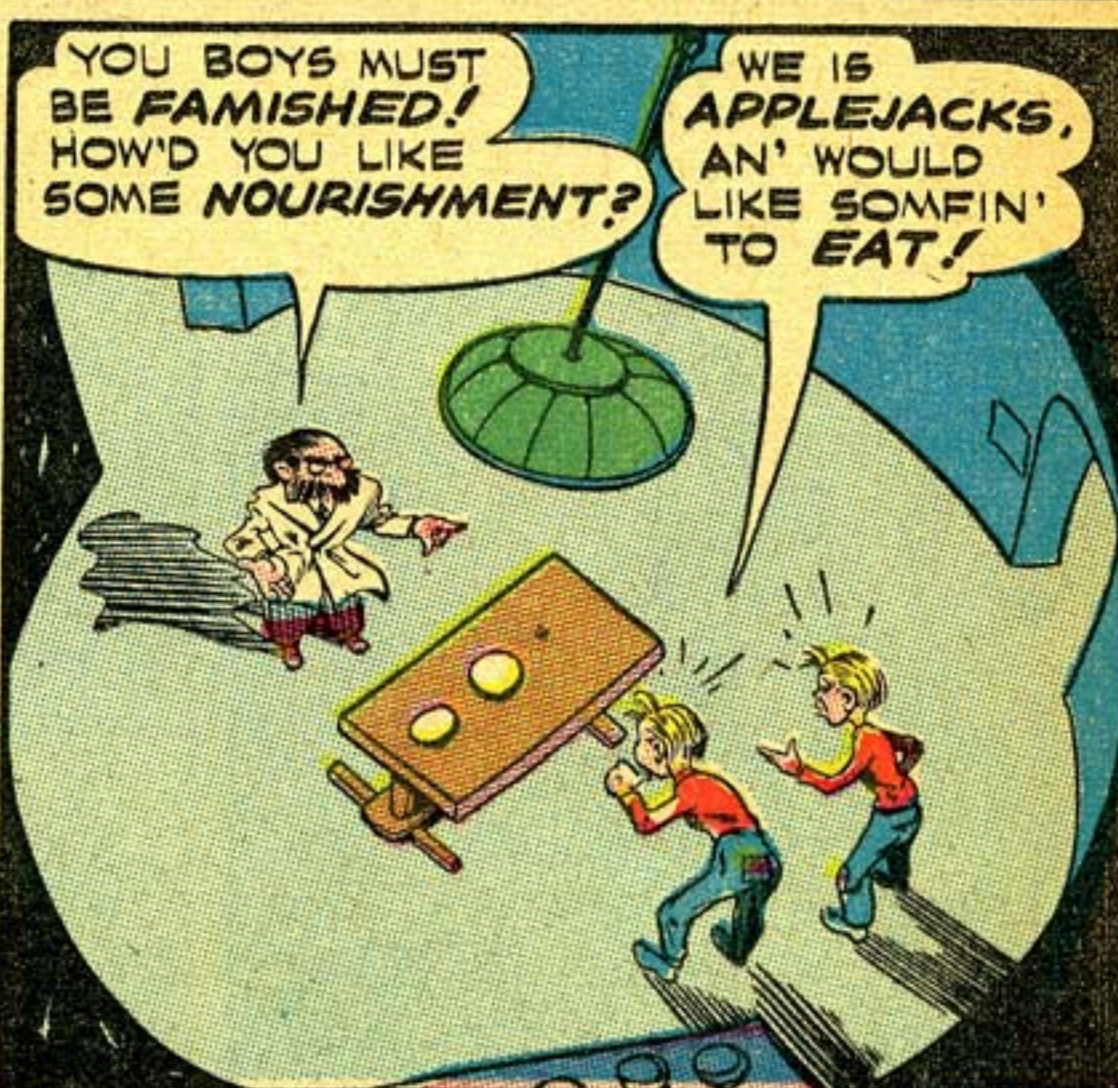


HMMM..TWO LIKELY  
SUBJECTS FOR MY  
GREAT EXPERIMENT!  
I WONDER.. CAN THEY  
BE CHANGED INTO  
MONKEYS?

GOSH..  
LOOK AT  
ALL TH'  
DOO DADS!

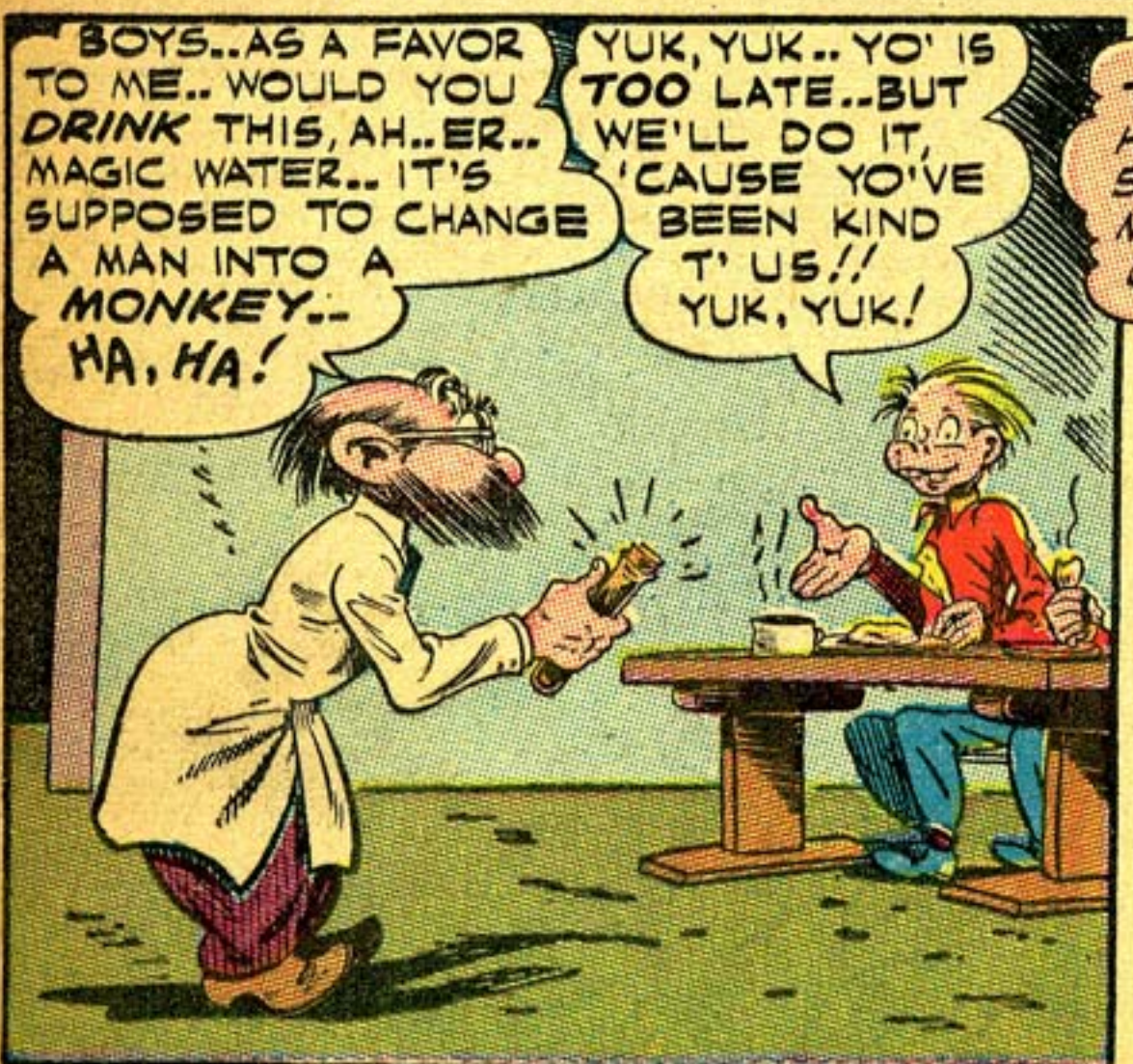
YEAH.. AN'  
KNACK KNIX  
AND WHUT  
NUTS!

KEE  
POUT



YOU BOYS MUST  
BE **FAMISHED!**  
HOW'D YOU LIKE  
SOME **NOURISHMENT?**

WE IS  
**APPLEJACKS,**  
AN' WOULD  
LIKE SOMFIN'  
TO **EAT!**



BOYS..AS A FAVOR  
TO ME.. WOULD YOU  
**DRINK THIS, AH..ER..**  
MAGIC WATER.. IT'S  
SUPPOSED TO CHANGE  
A MAN INTO A  
**MONKEY..**  
**HA, HA!**

YUK, YUK.. YO' IS  
TOO LATE..BUT  
WE'LL DO IT,  
'CAUSE YO'VE  
BEEN KIND  
T' US!!  
YUK, YUK!

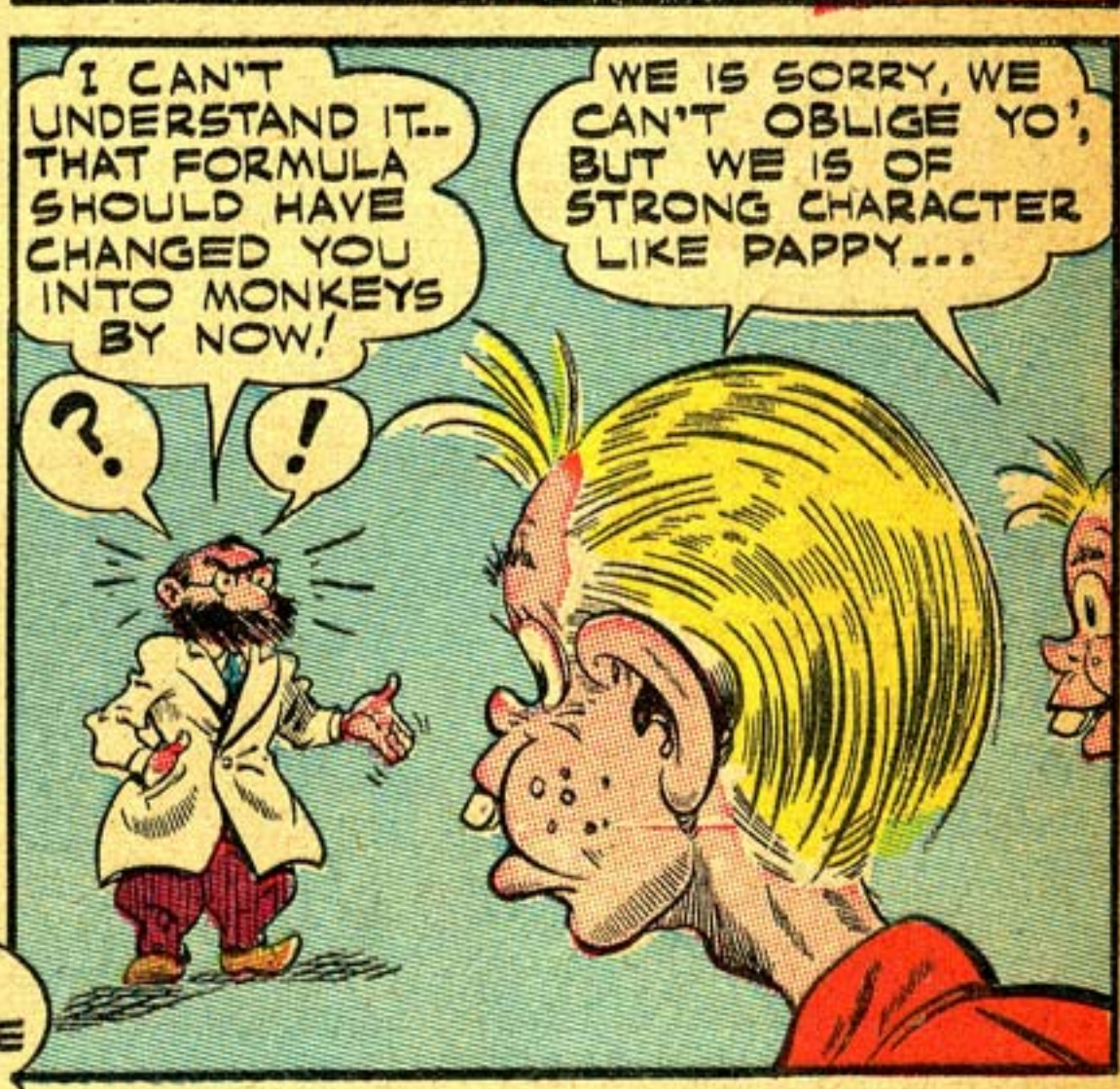
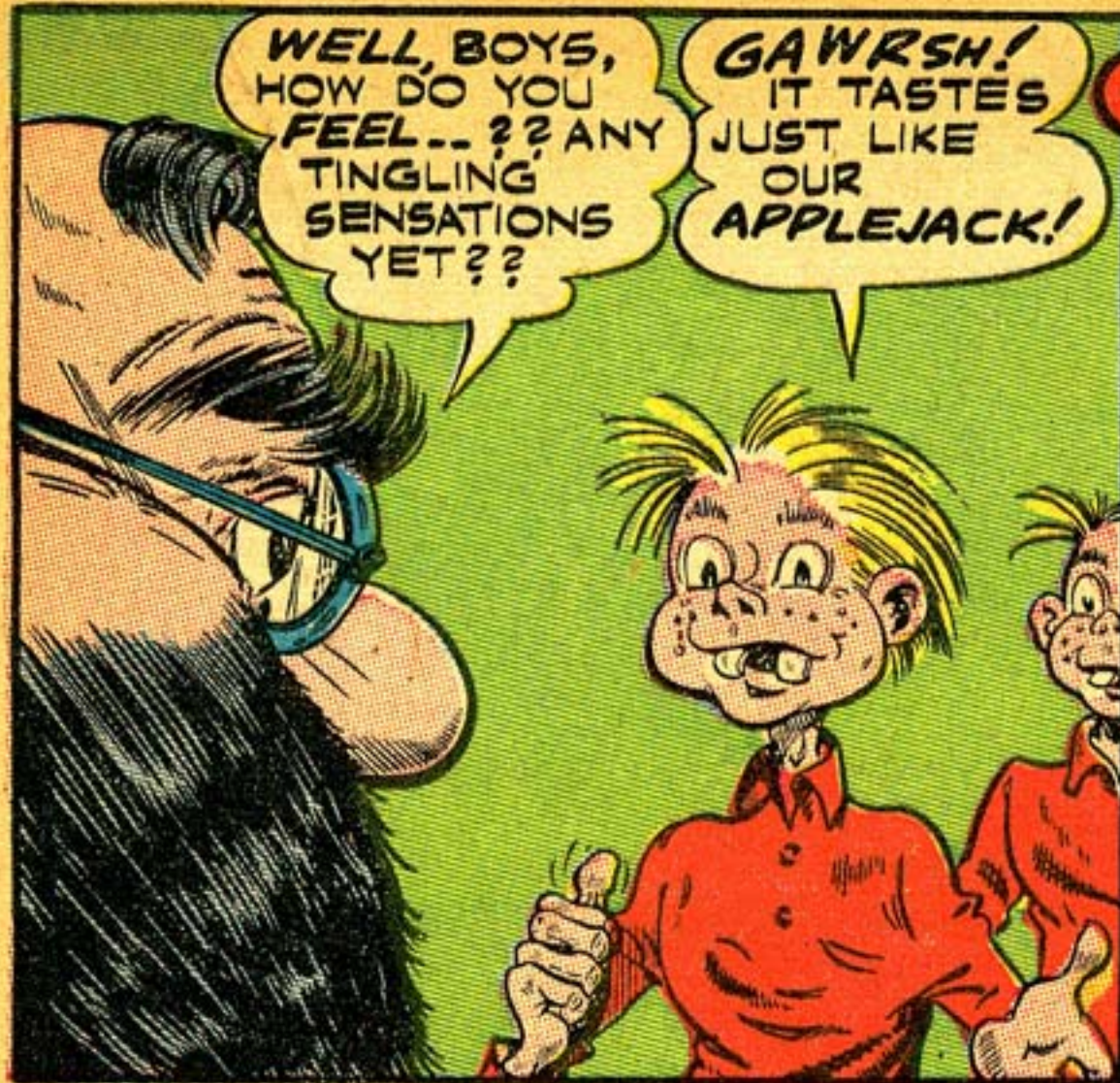


AH'LL HUMOR  
TH' NICE OLE MAN!  
HE THINKS THIS  
STUFF WILL MAKE  
MONKEYS OUTA  
US! HAW!  
HAW!

HERE IT ALWAYS  
GOES! WORKED IN  
THE PAST,  
AND IT  
SHOULD  
WORK  
NOW!

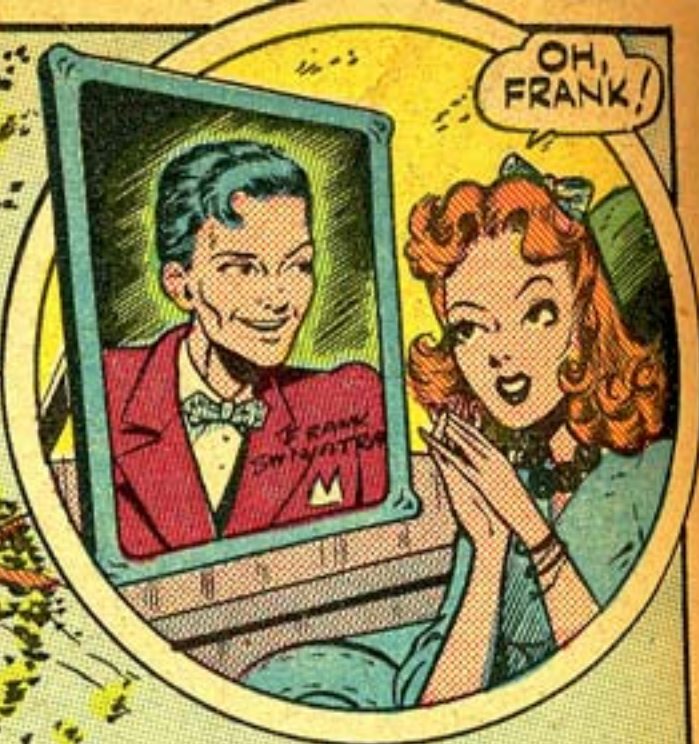
AH'M  
NEXT T'  
BECOME  
A MONKEY!  
YUK! YUK!







# GINGER

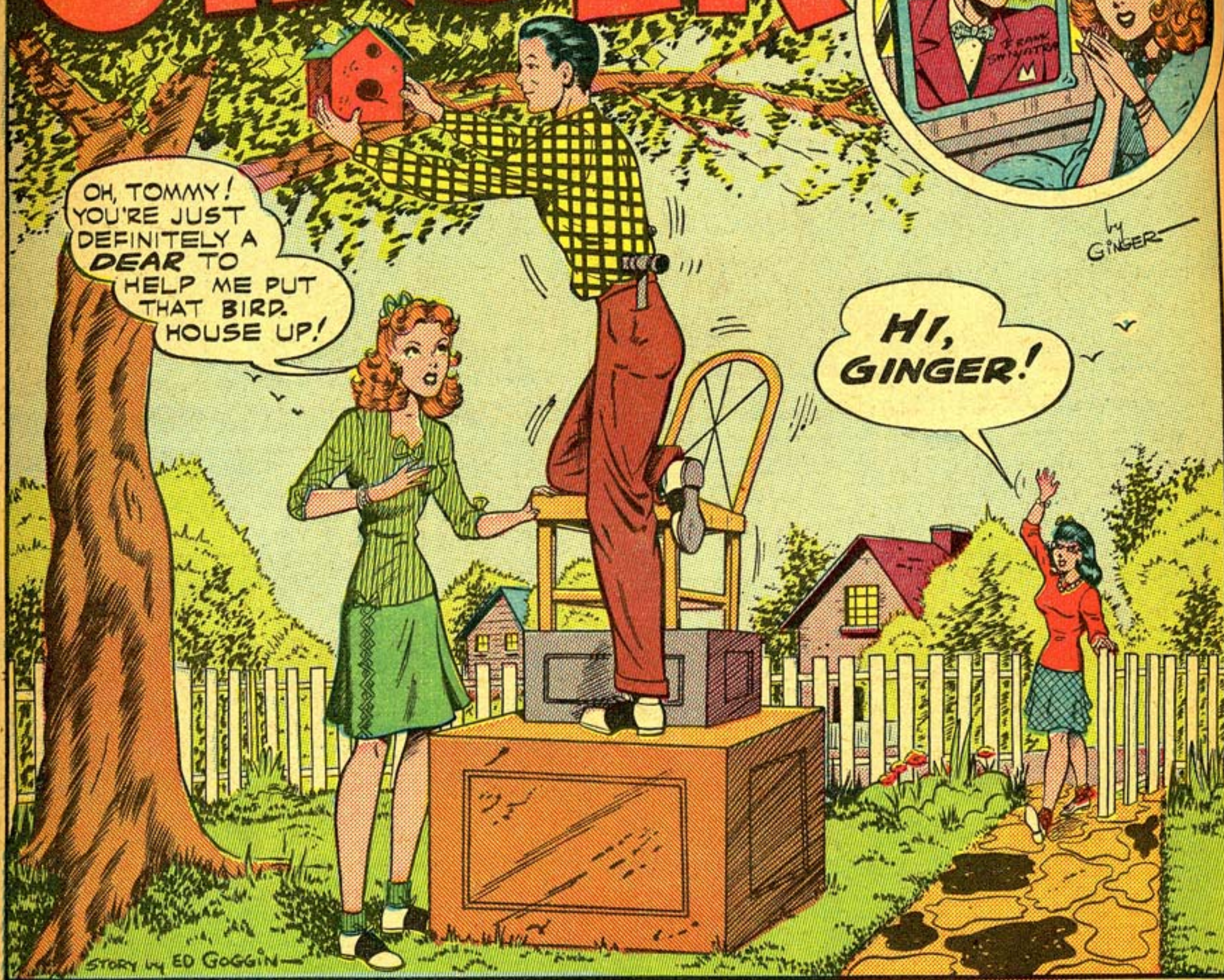


OH, FRANK!

by GINGER

OH, TOMMY!  
YOU'RE JUST  
DEFINITELY A  
**DEAR** TO  
HELP ME PUT  
THAT BIRD  
HOUSE UP!

**HI,  
GINGER!**



STORY BY ED GOGGIN

GUESS  
WHO'S IN  
TOWN!

HE'S A FAMOUS  
**SINGER!** YOU'LL  
NEVER  
GUESS!

OH, DOTTY!  
IT COULDN'T  
**BE...** NOT.. NOT..

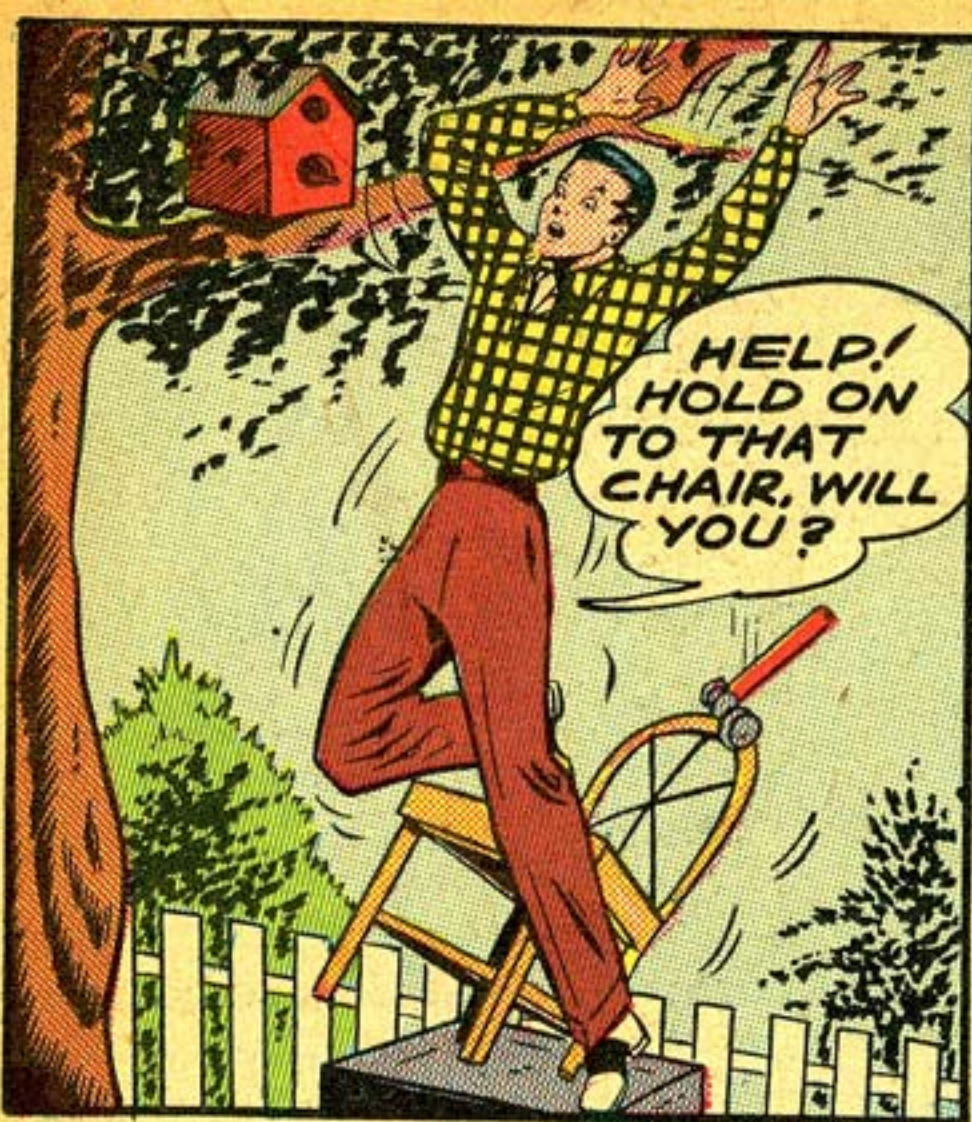
**HEY! HOLD ON  
TO THAT  
CHAIR,  
GINGER!**

**YES! FRANK  
SWINATRA!**

FRANK SWINATRA!  
**OOH.. THAT  
WONDERFUL  
MAN!**





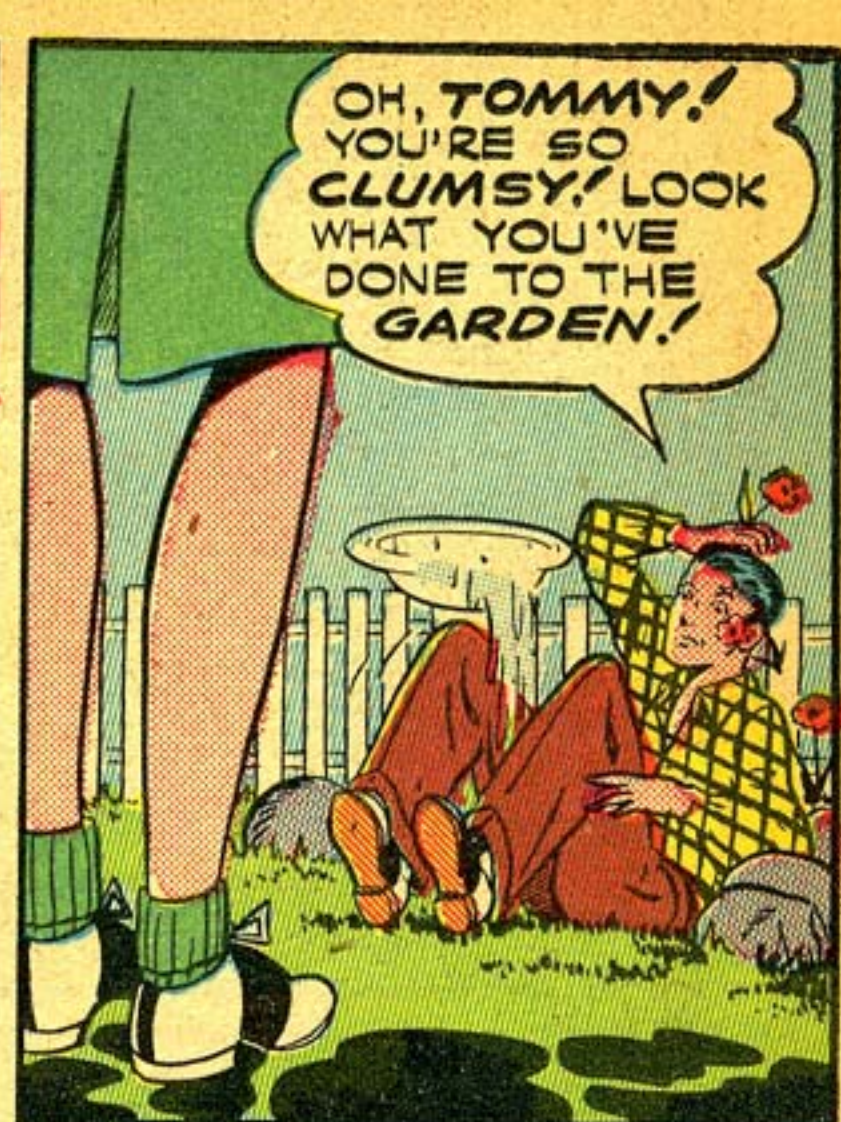


HELP!  
HOLD ON  
TO THAT  
CHAIR, WILL  
YOU?

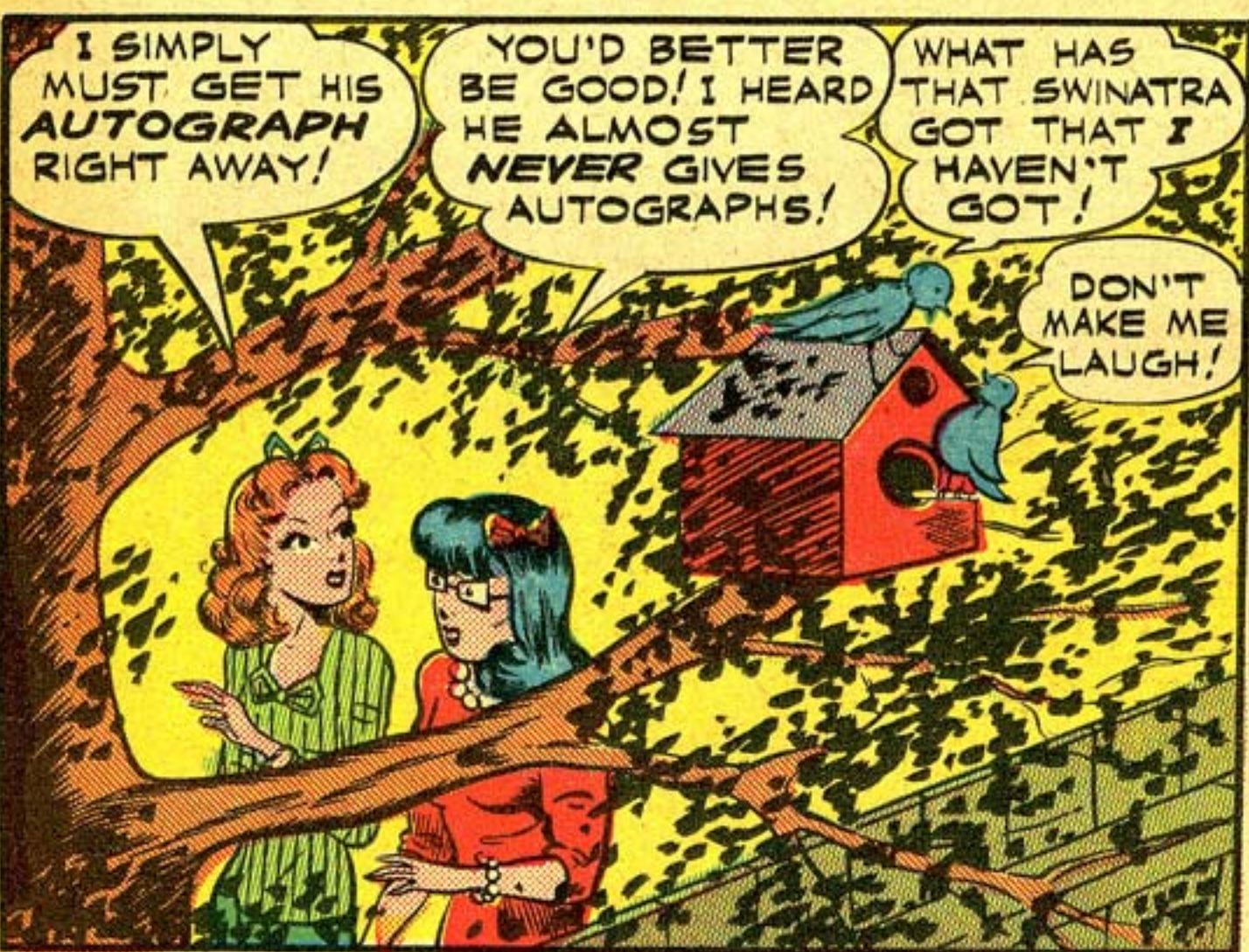


CRASH

BANG



OH, TOMMY!  
YOU'RE SO  
CLUMSY! LOOK  
WHAT YOU'VE  
DONE TO THE  
GARDEN!



I SIMPLY  
MUST GET HIS  
AUTOGRAPH  
RIGHT AWAY!

YOU'D BETTER  
BE GOOD! I HEARD  
HE ALMOST  
NEVER GIVES  
AUTOGRAPHS!

WHAT HAS  
THAT SWINATRA  
GOT THAT I  
HAVEN'T  
GOT!

DON'T  
MAKE ME  
LAUGH!



HE'S STAYING  
HERE! MAYBE  
I CAN SNEAK  
UP TO HIS  
ROOMS!

AND I'LL  
CATCH YOU  
WHEN THEY  
TOSS YOU  
OUT!

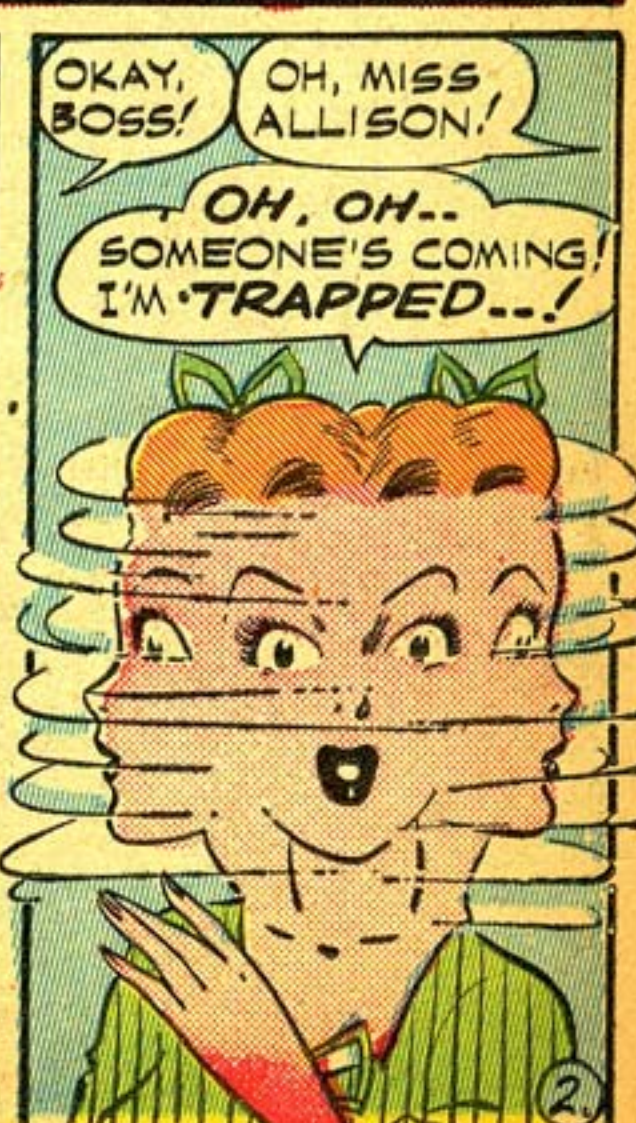


FRONT! TAKE  
THIS TO SWINATRA,  
IN 315!



WALK UP, AND  
DON'T LET  
ANY OF THOSE  
CRAZY KIDS  
TO SEE YOU!

I'LL JUST RUN  
UPSTAIRS, AND  
WHEN HE OPENS  
THE DOOR,  
I'LL...



OKAY,  
BOSS!

OH, MISS  
ALLISON!

OH, OH..  
SOMEONE'S COMING!  
I'M TRAPPED...!





IF ANY OF THOSE KIDS TRY TO GET IN, TOSS THEM OUT!

YES, SIR!



GOSH! WHAT A MESS! THIS MUST BE THE BROOM CLOSET! *HMM...* A MAID'S UNIFORM!



*HMM...* NOT BAD!



THIS IS SIMPLE! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS, WALK IN AND...

JUST A MINUTE, THERE!



YOU NEW MAIDS BETTER LEARN THAT YOU **WORK** AROUND HERE!

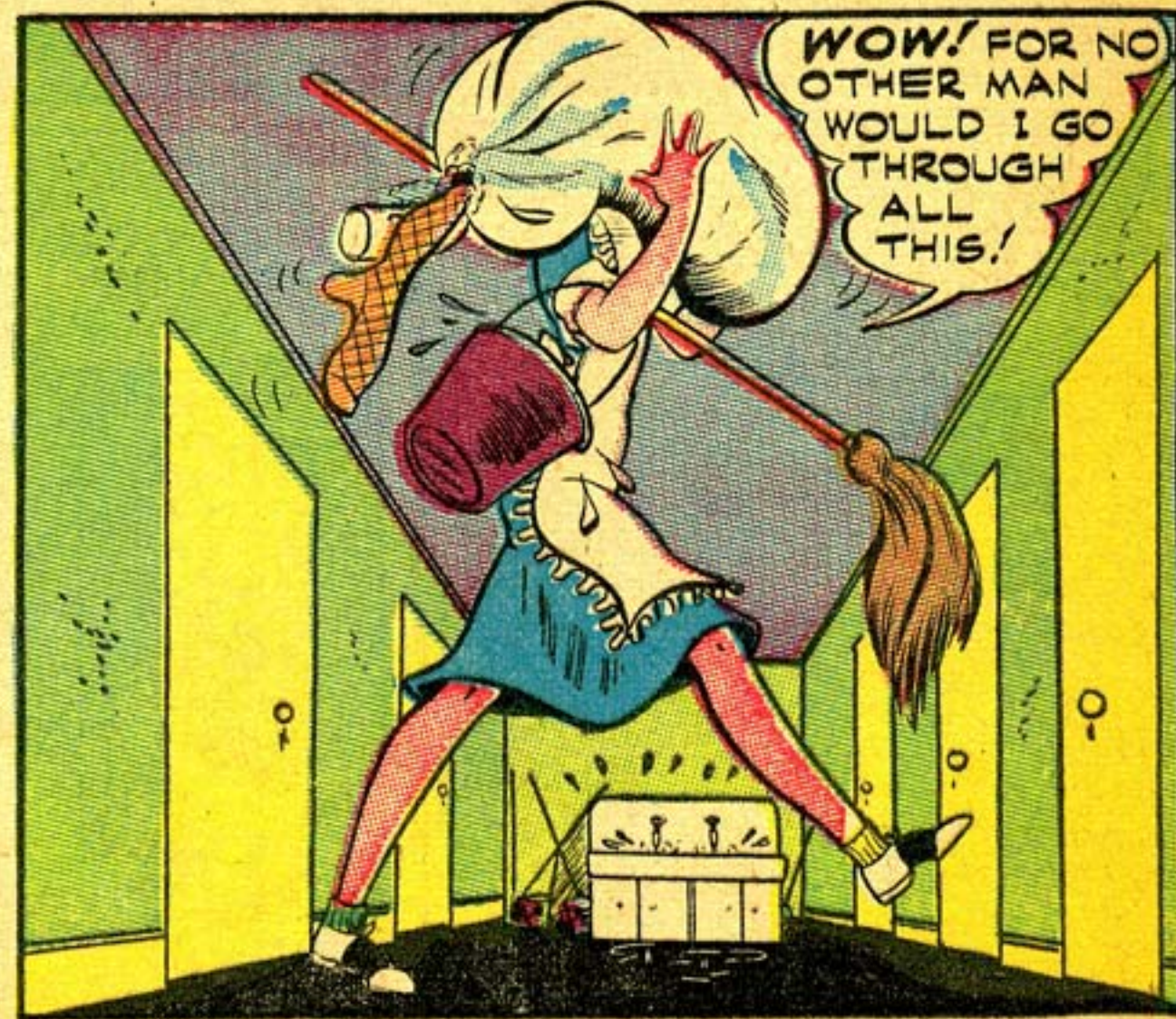
GULP!



NOW GET BUSY, AND **MOP** THE FLOOR, AND..!



AND TOSS THIS DOWN THE LAUNDRY CHUTE! MR. SWINATRA IS MOVING TO THE FLOOR BELOW!

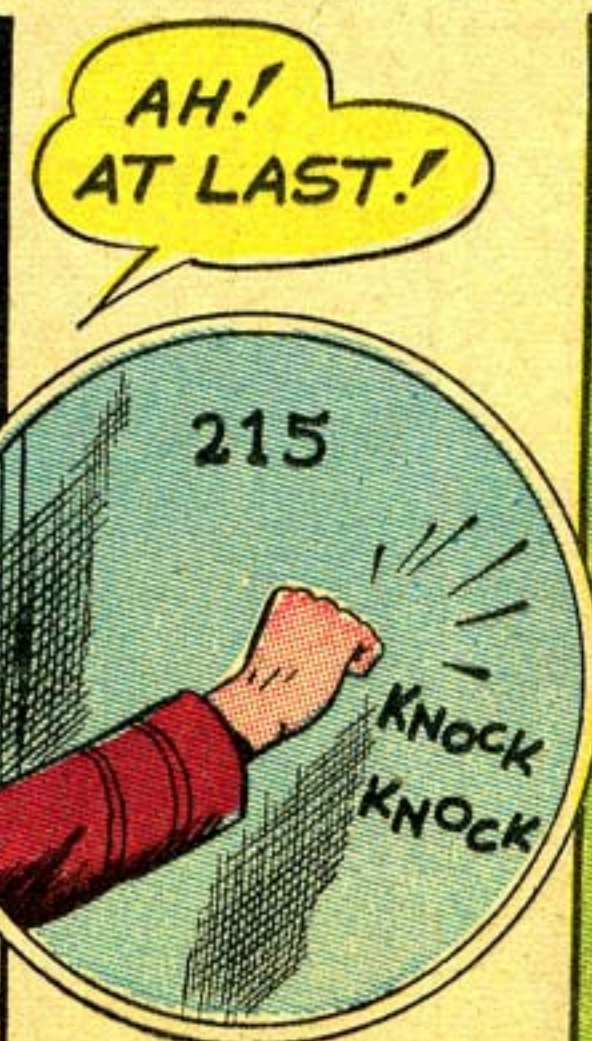
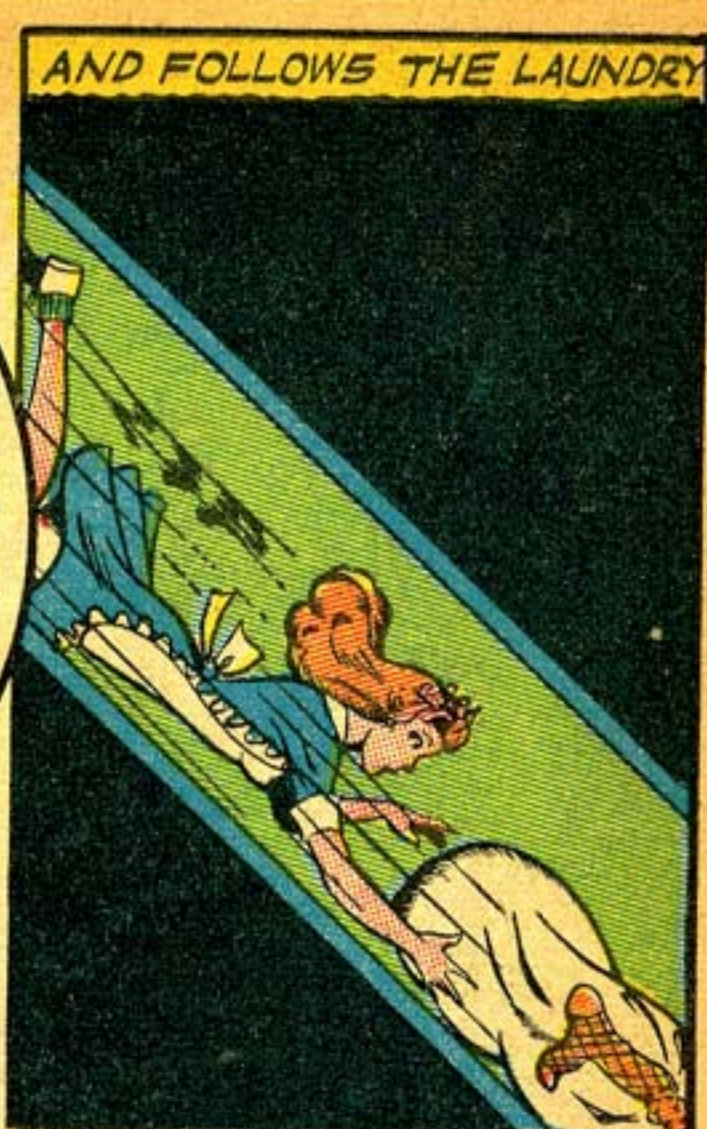


WOW! FOR NO OTHER MAN WOULD I GO THROUGH ALL THIS!





BUT GINGER HEAVES JUST A LITTLE TOO HARD...







0000...! GOSH! GULP!  
YOUR AUTOGRAPH!  
MR SWINATRA!







OH, KIDS, YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT I'VE GOT!

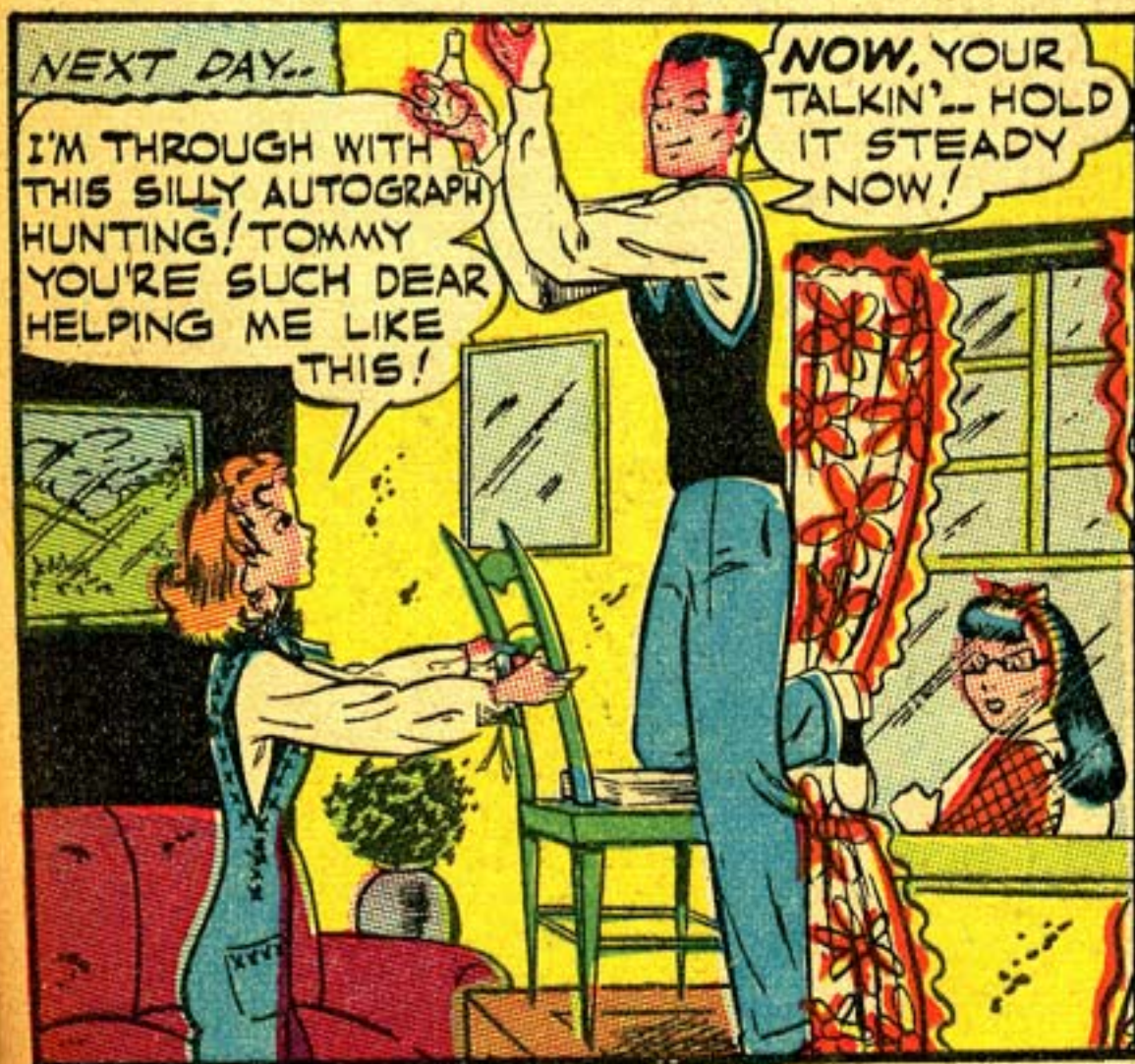
FRANK SWINATRA FOR PRESIDENT



OH, YEAH! WELL, GUESS WHAT WE'VE GOT!



AUTOGRAPHED PICTURES OF FRANK SWINATRA!



NEXT DAY--

I'M THROUGH WITH THIS SILLY AUTOGRAPH HUNTING! TOMMY YOU'RE SUCH DEAR HELPING ME LIKE THIS!

NOW, YOUR TALKIN'-- HOLD IT STEADY NOW!



GINGER! YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHO JUST FLEW INTO TOWN!

WHY, DOTTY, WHO?



RONALD COLMAN!

HEY!

RONALD COLMAN? LET'S GO!



WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A GAL LIKE THAT??

NOT MUCH TOMMY! AND IF YOU THINK THIS IS JUST A SAMPLE, YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER GUESS COMING...BUT DEFINITELY!



# RED RUBE



Wm. Vigoda

THE WICKED SCIENTIST, DR. KARVALLA, INVENTED A FORMULA THAT ENABLED HIM TO TRAVEL IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION! AS LONG AS HE HAD HIS FORMULA, HE COULD LAUGH AT THE MIGHTY POWERS OF RED RUBE!

IKCOH24...  
YOU CAN'T HURT  
ME, RED RUBE!

WHAT TH...  
MY FIST WENT  
RIGHT THROUGH  
HIM!





REUBEN REUBEN IS HELPING OUT HIS SICK FRIEND BY SELLING HIS PAPERS...

THANK YOU, SIR! GOOD NEWS TODAY?

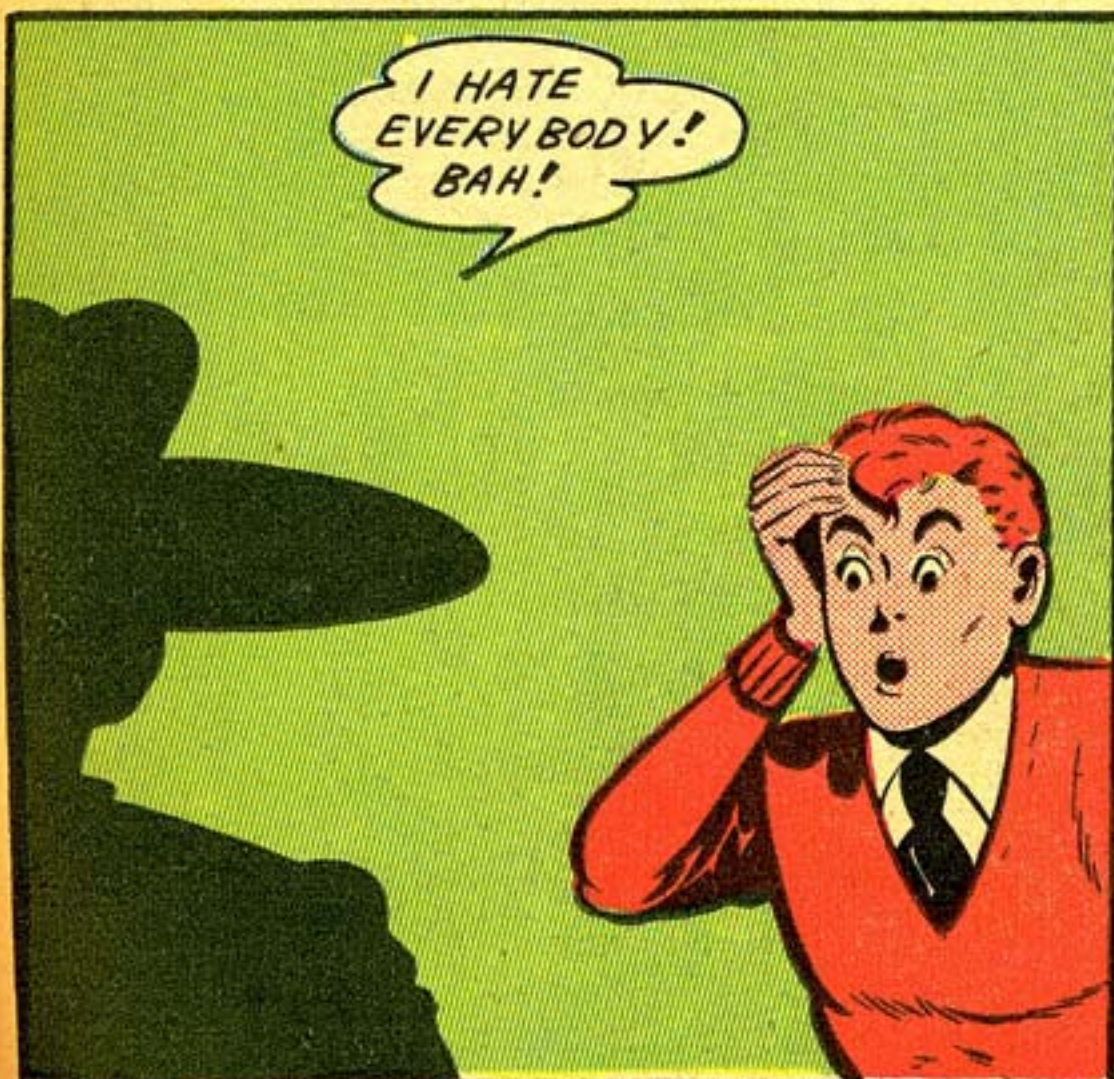
BAH! NO FIGHTING! THAT MEANS NOBODY WAS KILLED!



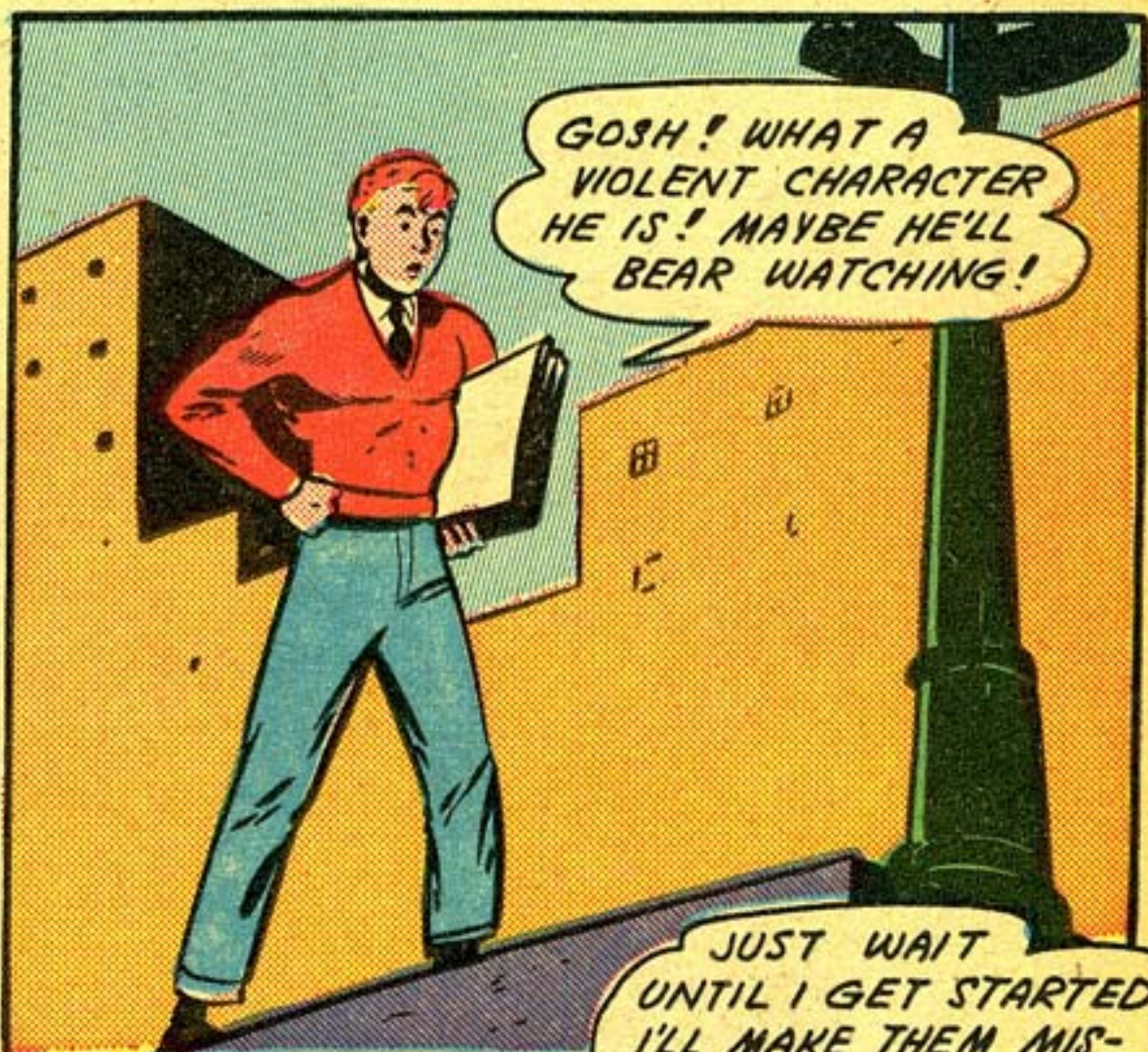
YOUNG MAN, THE BEST THING TO DO WITH PEOPLE IS GET RID OF THEM! I HATE PEOPLE! I HATE YOU TOO!



I HATE EVERYBODY! BAH!



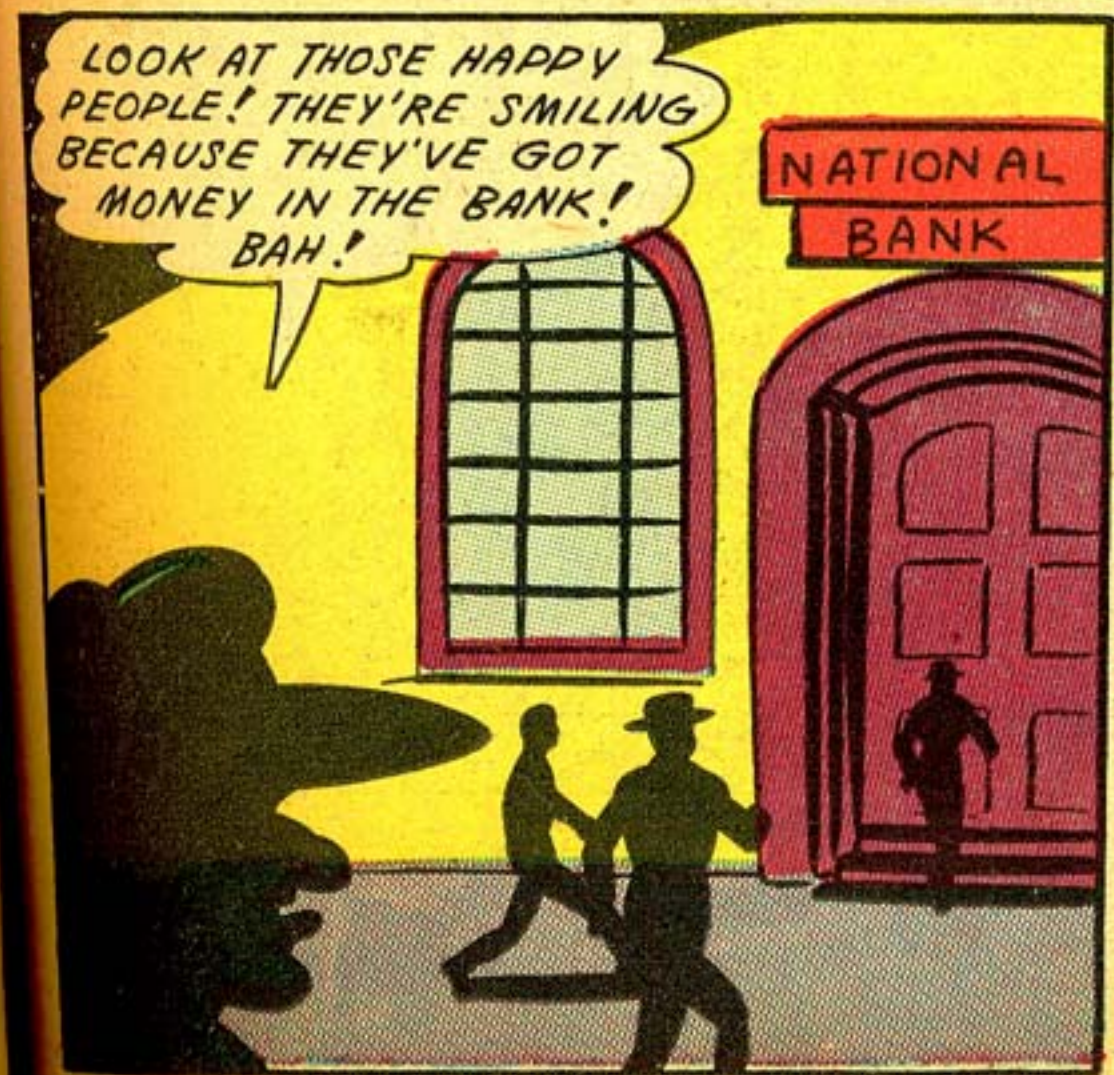
GOSH! WHAT A VIOLENT CHARACTER HE IS! MAYBE HE'LL BEAR WATCHING!



JUST WAIT UNTIL I GET STARTED! I'LL MAKE THEM MISERABLE! THEY'LL CURSE THE NAME OF DR. KARVALLA!

LOOK AT THOSE HAPPY PEOPLE! THEY'RE SMILING BECAUSE THEY'VE GOT MONEY IN THE BANK! BAH!

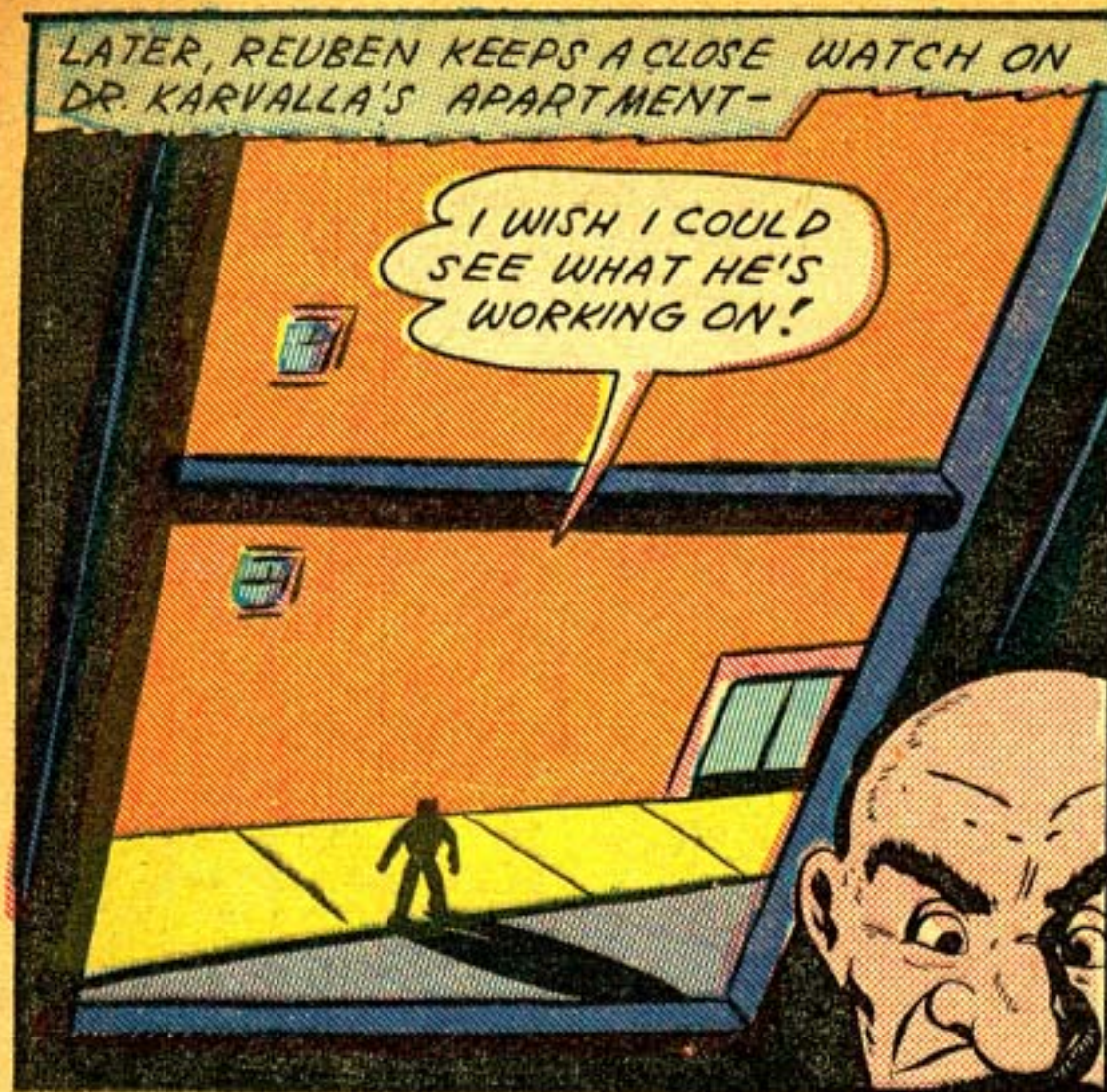
NATIONAL BANK





LATER, REUBEN KEEPS A CLOSE WATCH ON DR. KARVALLA'S APARTMENT—

I WISH I COULD SEE WHAT HE'S WORKING ON!



AT LAST! I'VE DISCOVERED THE FORMULA! THIS TIME I KNOW IT WILL WORK!

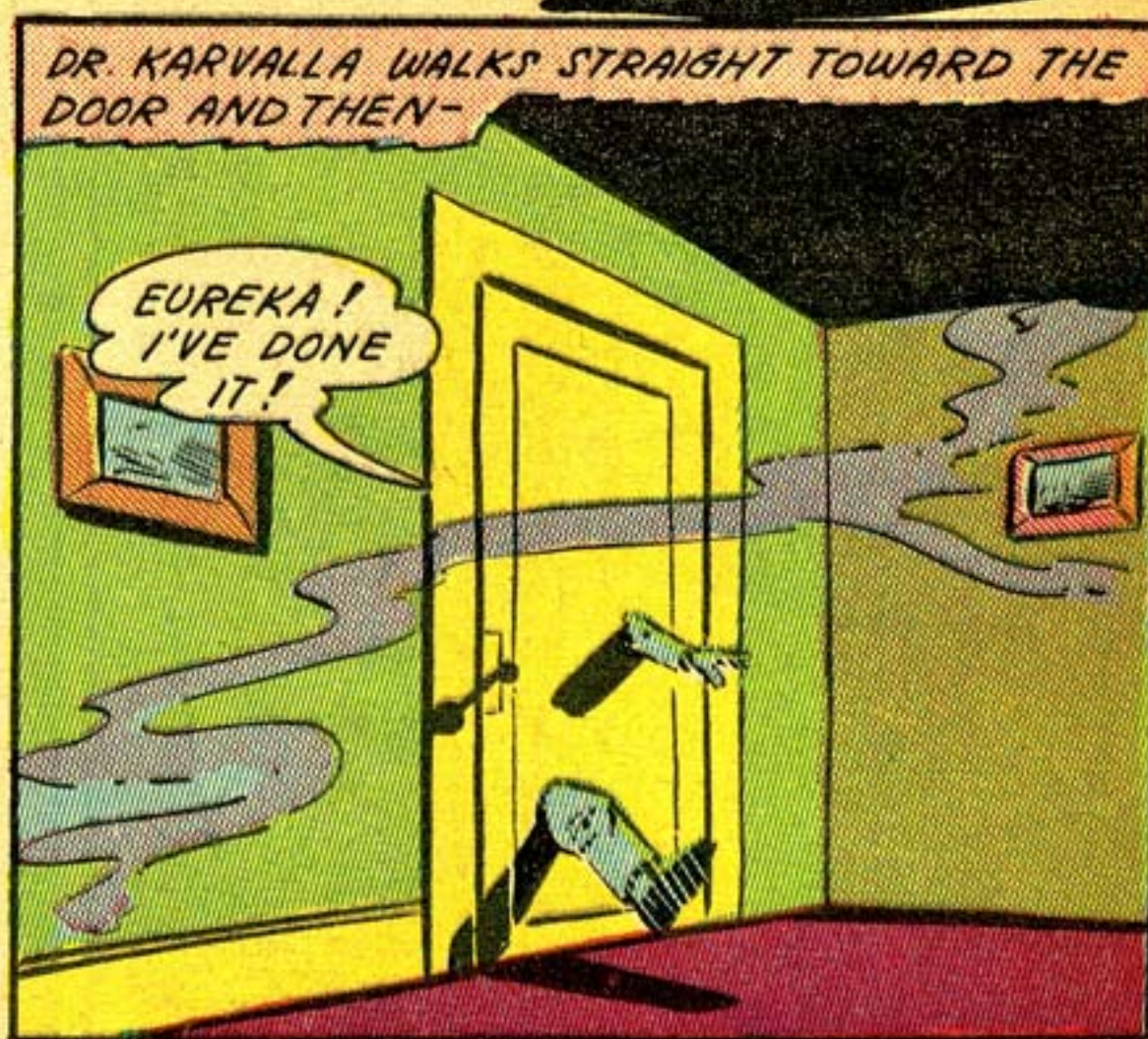


I CAN'T WAIT TO TRY IT!  
IKCOH24

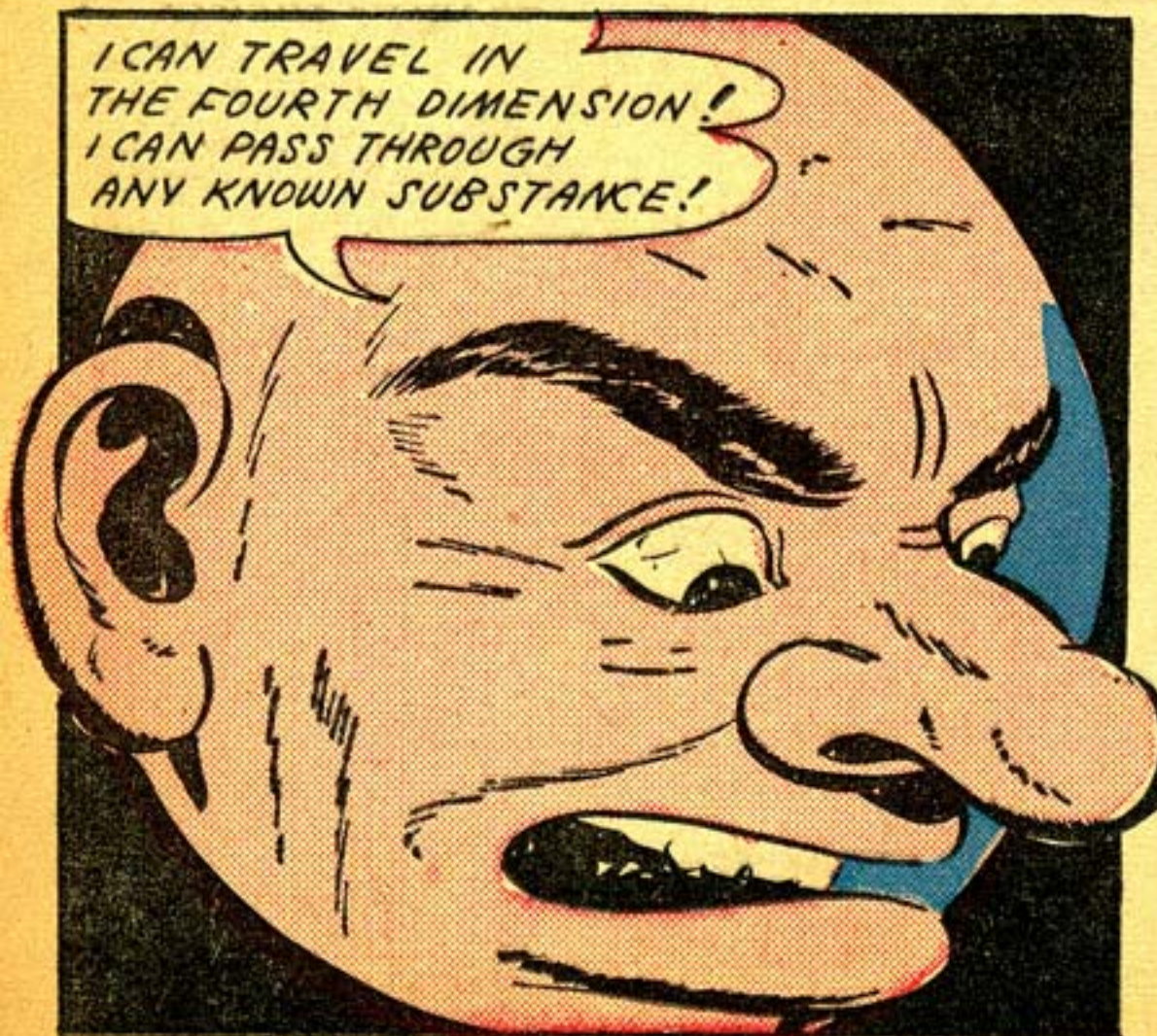


DR. KARVALLA WALKS STRAIGHT TOWARD THE DOOR AND THEN—

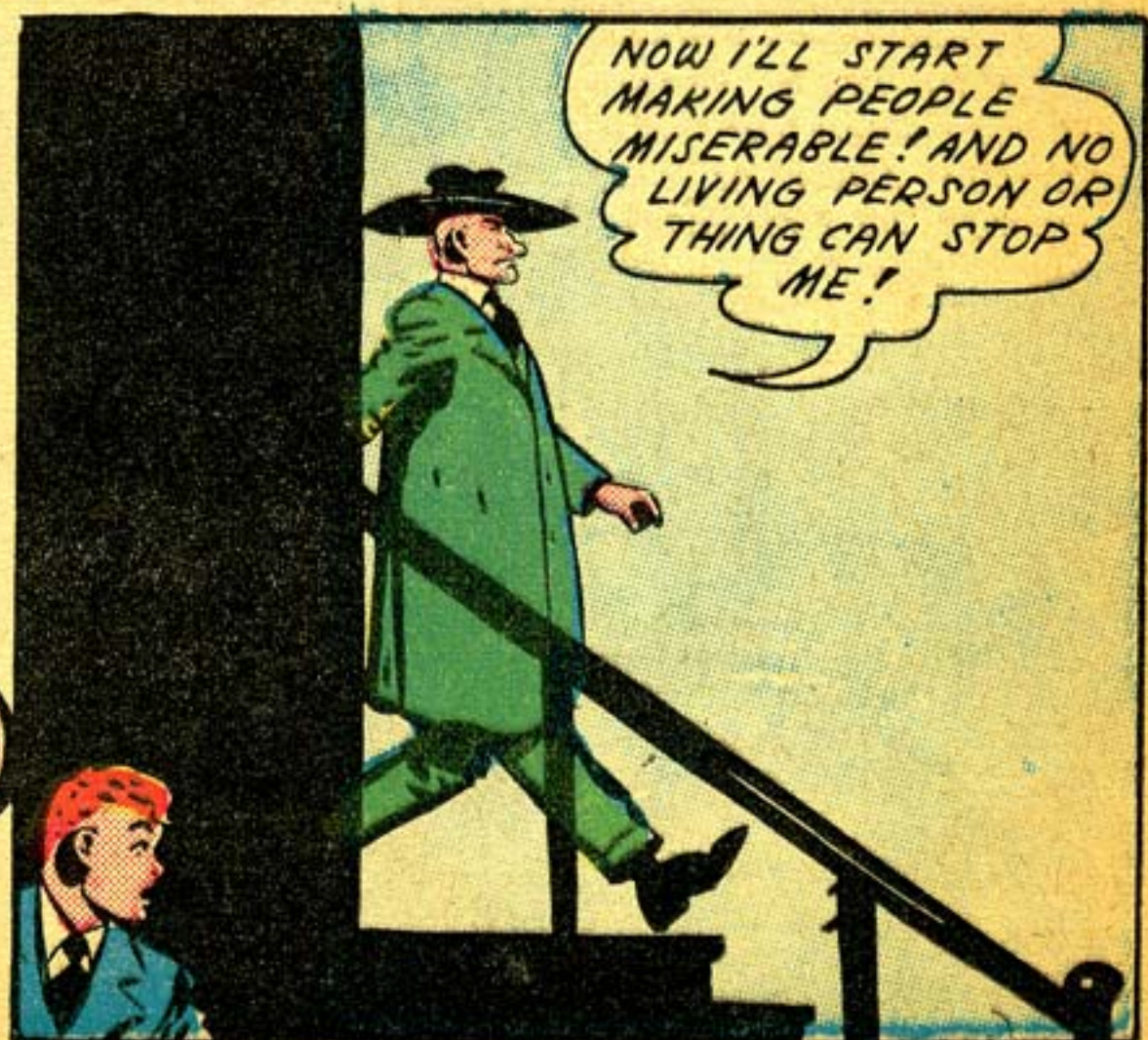
EUREKA!  
I'VE DONE IT!



I CAN TRAVEL IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION!  
I CAN PASS THROUGH ANY KNOWN SUBSTANCE!

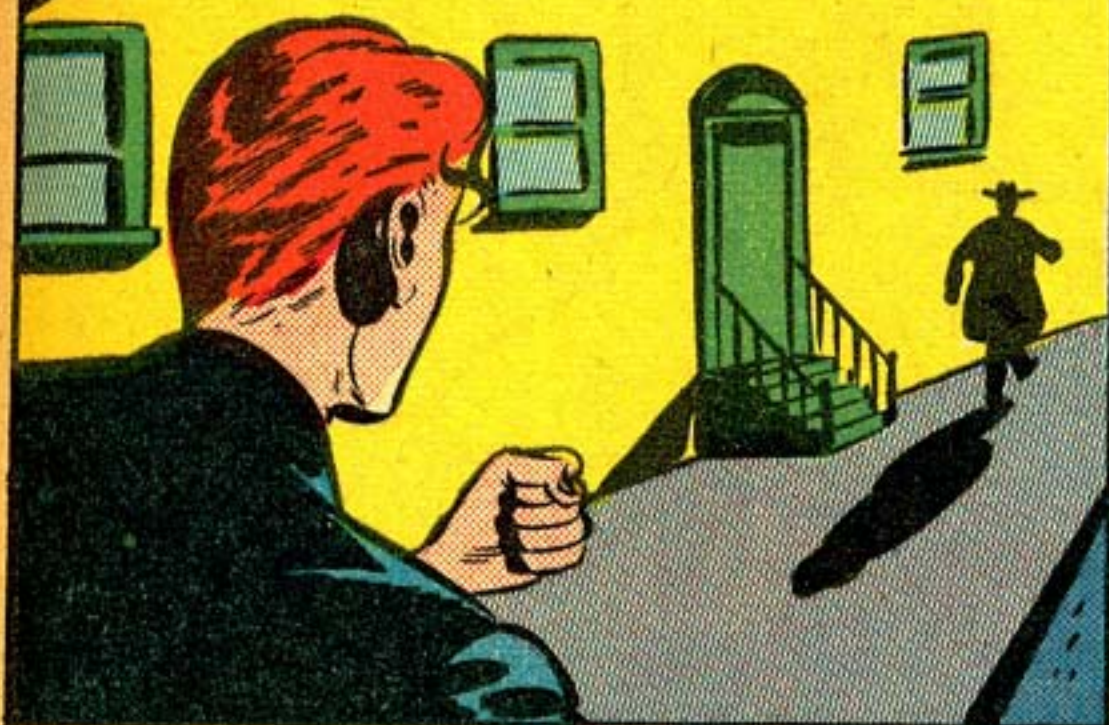


NOW I'LL START MAKING PEOPLE MISERABLE! AND NO LIVING PERSON OR THING CAN STOP ME!

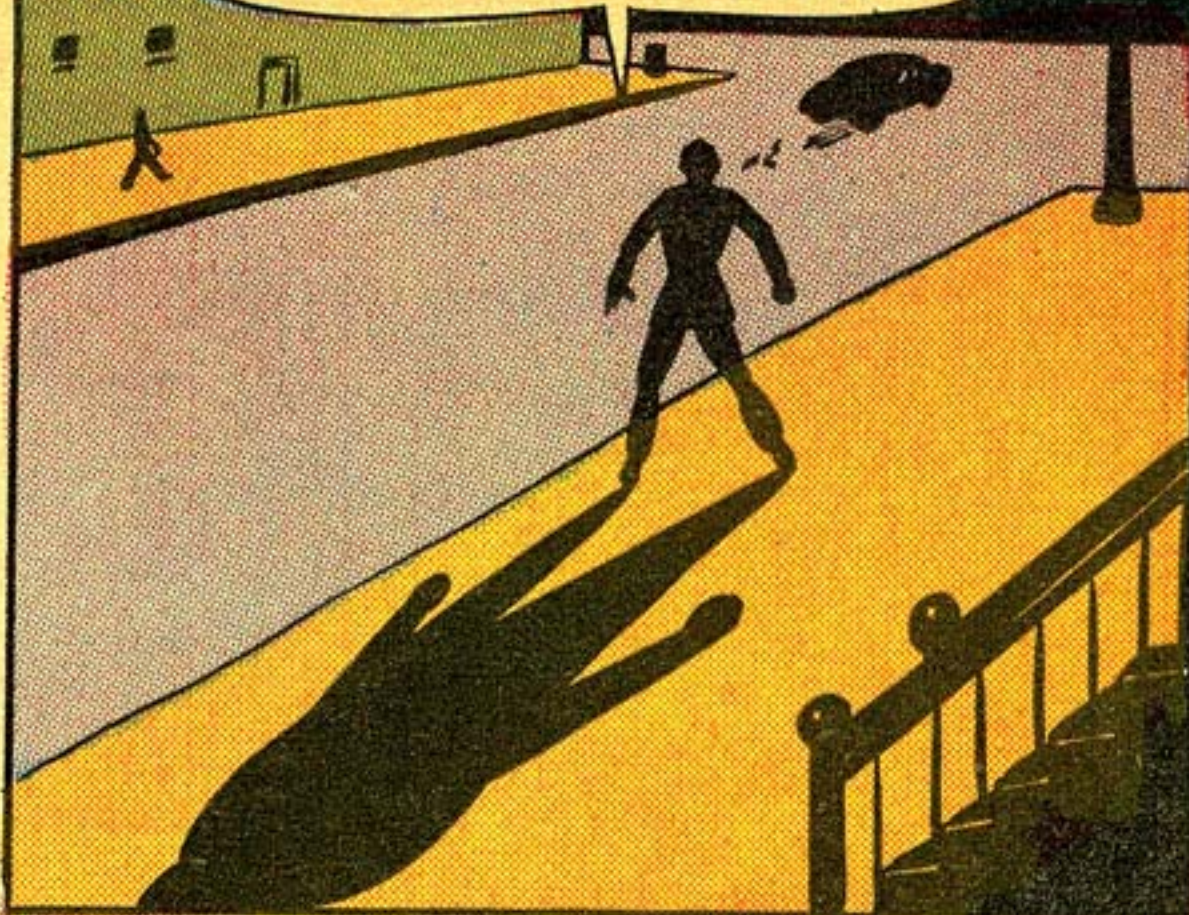




THAT'S QUEER! I DIDN'T  
SEE THE DOOR OPEN OR  
CLOSE - BUT THERE'S  
DR. KARVALLA!

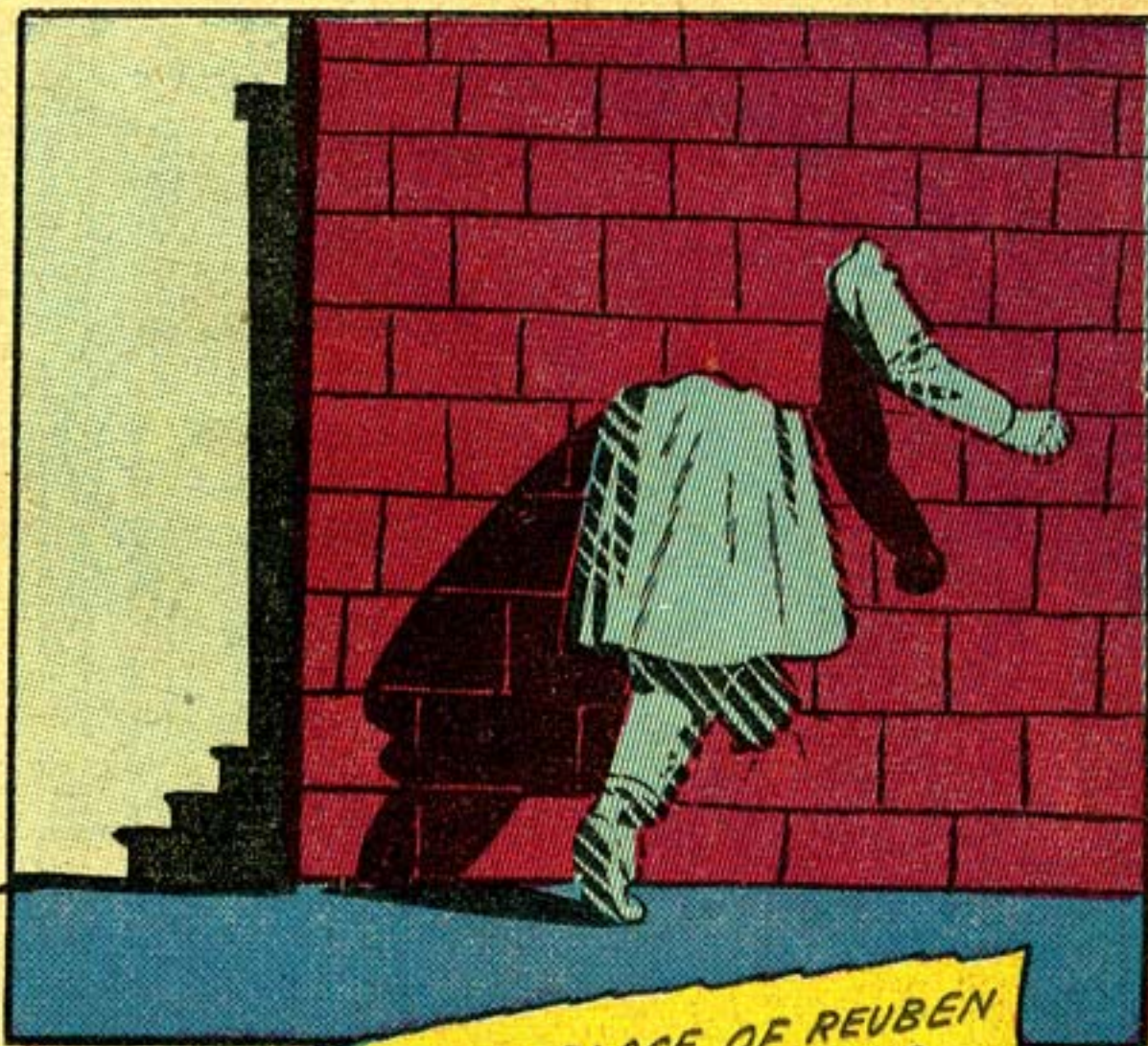


SOMETHING PECULIAR  
IS GOING ON! I'LL KEEP  
AN EYE ON DR. KARVALLA!



**BANK**

HERE'S THE  
BANK! AND THE  
VAULT SHOULD BE  
JUST ABOUT HERE!



DR. KARVALLA'S  
DISAPPEARED AGAIN!  
BUT I SAW HIM  
JUST A MIN-  
UTE AGO!..  
HEY  
RUBE!



THE MAGIC  
WORDS CAUSE  
THE AIR ABOUT  
REUBEN REUBEN  
TO WHIRL  
FURIOUSLY--



AND SOON, IN PLACE OF REUBEN  
REUBEN, THERE NOW STANDS  
THE MIGHTY FIGURE OF  
RED RUBE!

I'LL FIND OUT  
WHAT'S  
BEHIND ALL  
THIS!



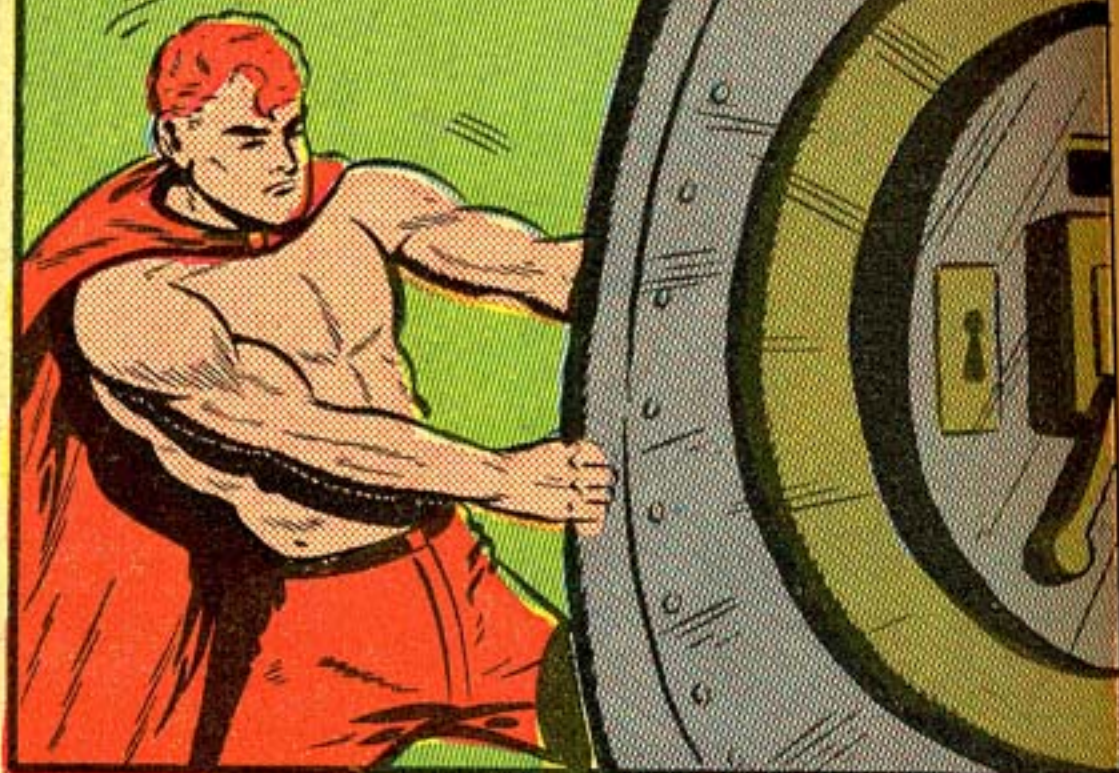


MEANWHILE...

I'LL MAKE PEOPLE MISERABLE! I'LL TAKE ALL THEIR MONEY! BUT FIRST I'LL HAVE TO RETURN TO NORMAL! IKCOH24!



SUDDENLY...



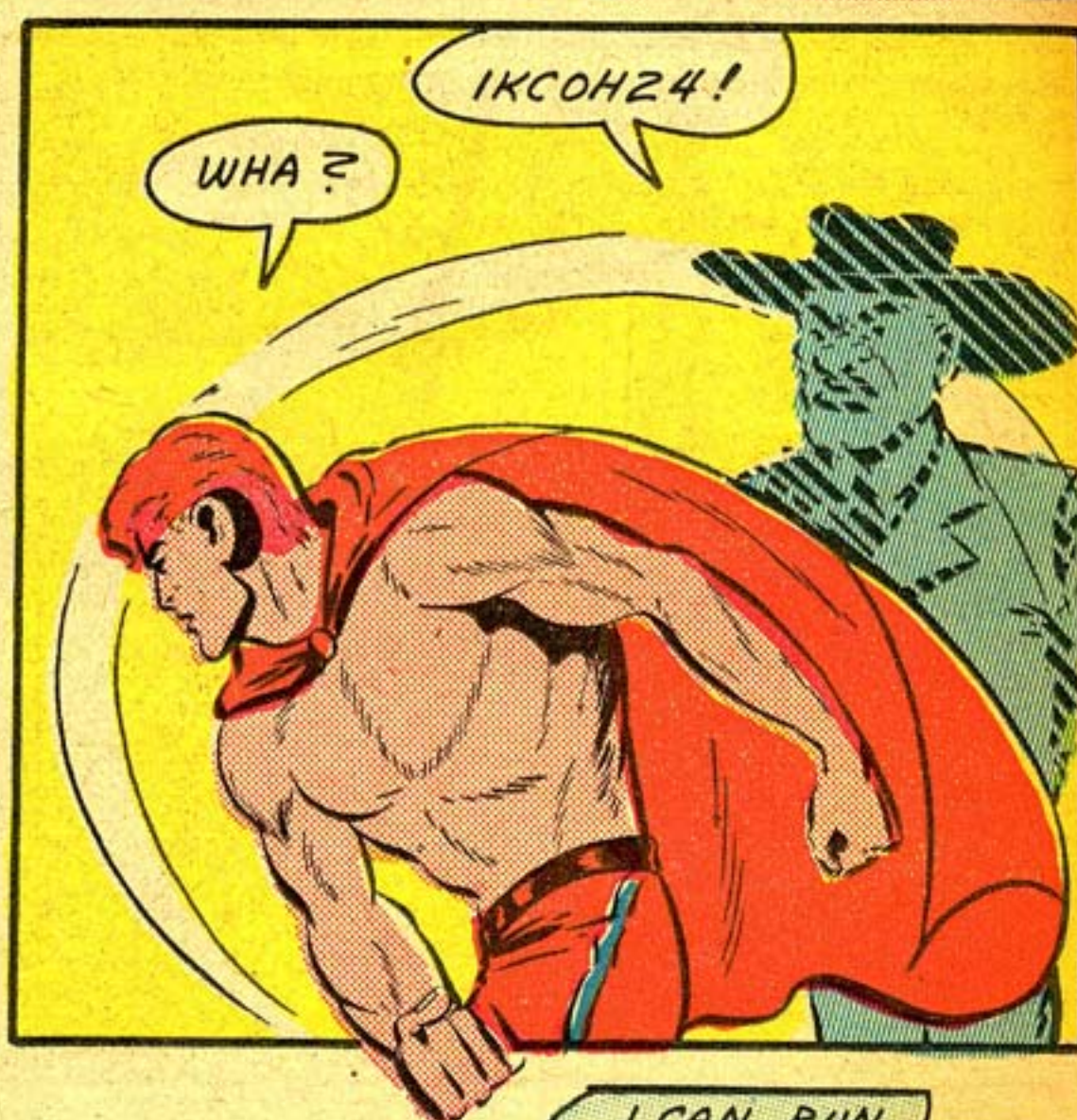
I THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU HERE!

DON'T LAY A FINGER ON ME, YOU BULLY!



IKCOH24!

WHA?



HA-HA! YOU CAN'T HURT ME! AND THAT ISN'T ALL I CAN DO EITHER!



I CAN RUN RIGHT THROUGH YOU!

I-I MUST BE DREAMING!





JUST THEN...

I'VE GOT 'EM! GUARDS!



I TRAPPED TWO CROOKS IN THE BANK VAULT! CALL THE POLICE!



WE'RE LOCKED IN!

MAYBE YOU ARE!



BUT I'M NOT! TA...TA...

HE'S WALKING THROUGH SOLID METAL! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

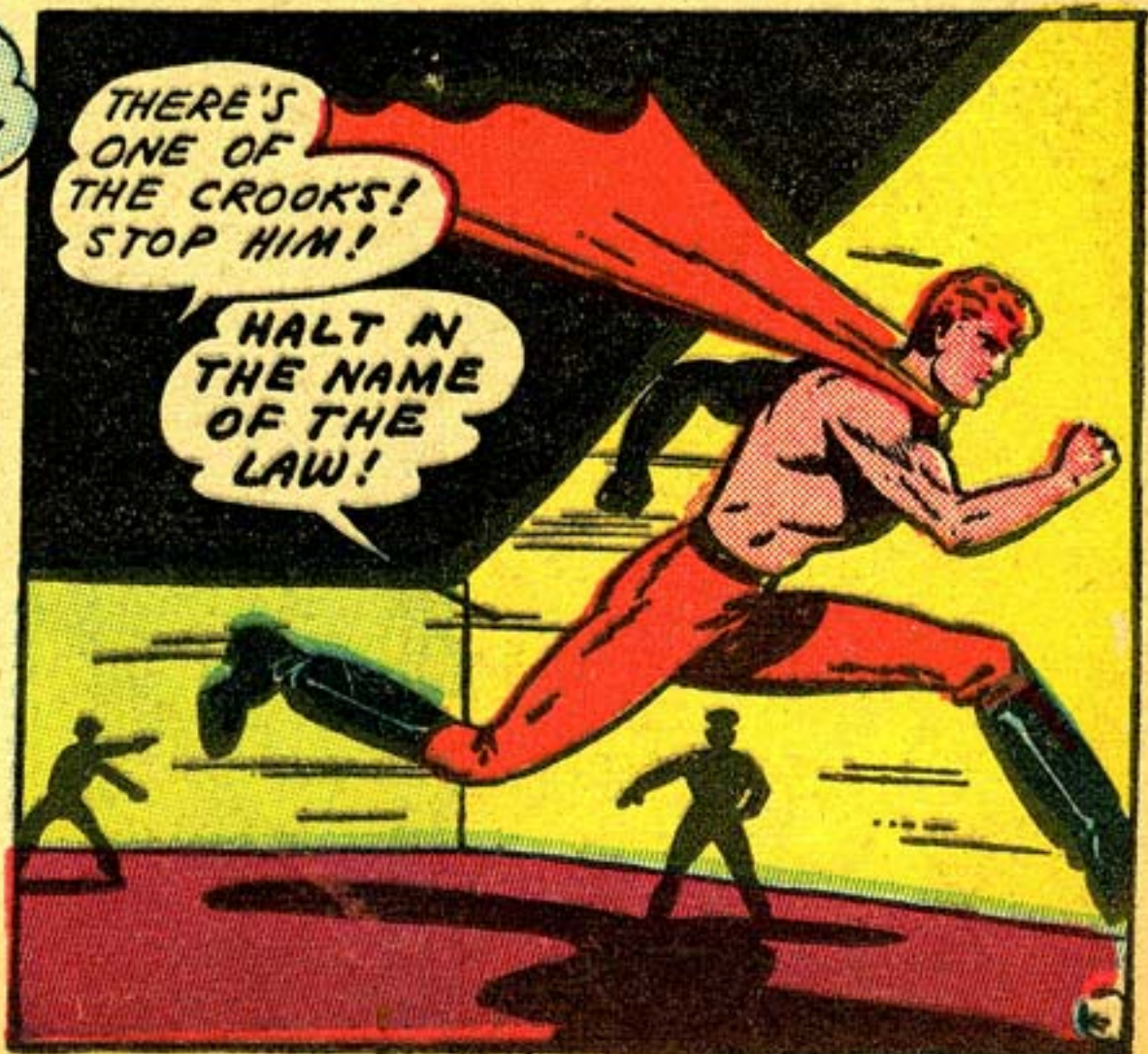


IT'S INCREDIBLE THE THINGS SOME PEOPLE CAN DO!



THERE'S ONE OF THE CROOKS! STOP HIM!

HALT IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!





I WONDER WHERE  
DR. KARVALLA COULD  
HAVE GONE?



I'D BETTER GET THE  
POLICE OFF MY TRAIL...  
HEY RUBE!



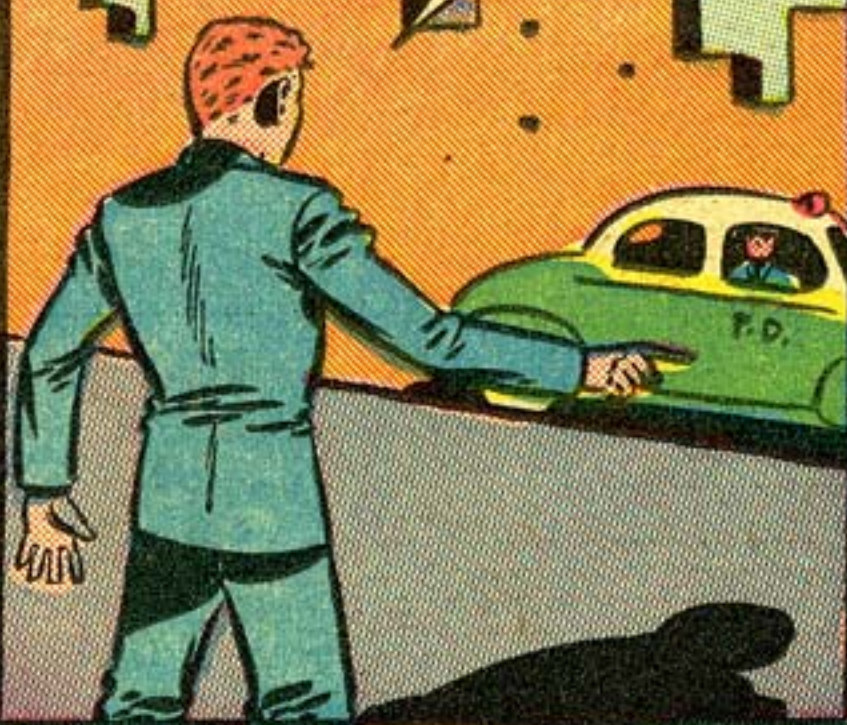
ONCE AGAIN  
THE AIR  
VIBRATES TO  
THE MAGIC  
WORDS...



AND REUBEN  
REUBEN APPEARS-

DID YOU SEE A  
BIG GUY IN A RED  
SUIT GO BY HERE?

YES, SIR! HE  
WENT THAT WAY!



THAT TAKES CARE OF  
THE POLICE! NOW  
I'VE GOT TO FIND  
DR. KARVALLA!



BAH! I DIDN'T GET THE  
MONEY AFTER ALL! I  
DIDN'T MAKE ANYONE  
MISERABLE EXCEPT  
ME!



THAT'S WHAT I THINK  
OF YOU! I HATE YOU  
TOO! I WISH YOU'D DROP  
DEAD SO I WOULDN'T  
HAVE TO LOOK  
AT YOU ANY-  
MORE!







SO YOU'VE DISCOVERED HOW TO GET INTO THE FOURTH DIMENSION, DR. KARVALLA!



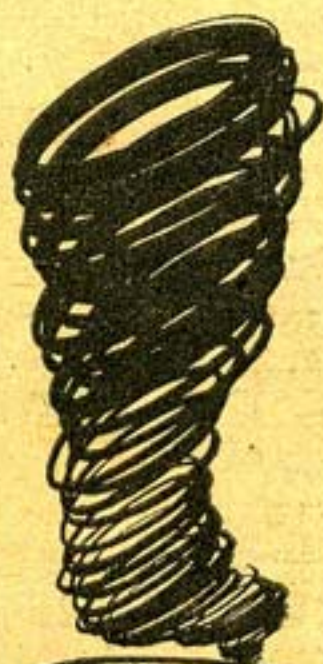
I SAW YOU WALK THROUGH THE WALL OF THAT BANK!

YOU DID?  
HMM! THIS BRAT IS TOO DANGEROUS TO LIVE!



I'LL SILENCE YOU FOREVER!

UGGG...  
GULP... HEY  
RUBE!



A THOUSAND  
DEVILS!  
WHAT  
HAPPENED?

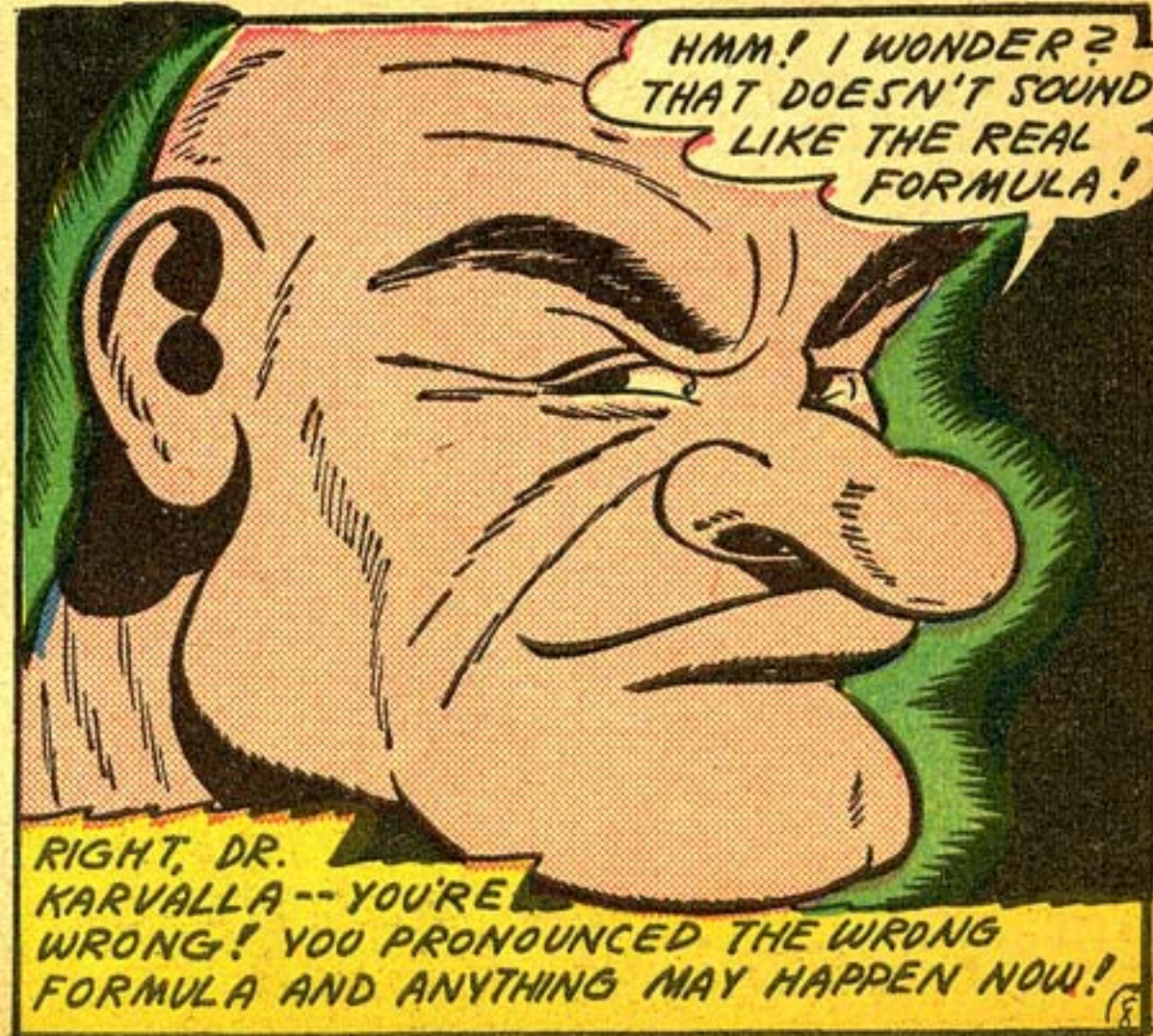


YOU! WHERE  
DID YOU COME  
FROM?



THAT'S NOT HALF  
AS IMPORTANT AS  
WHERE YOU'RE  
GOING!

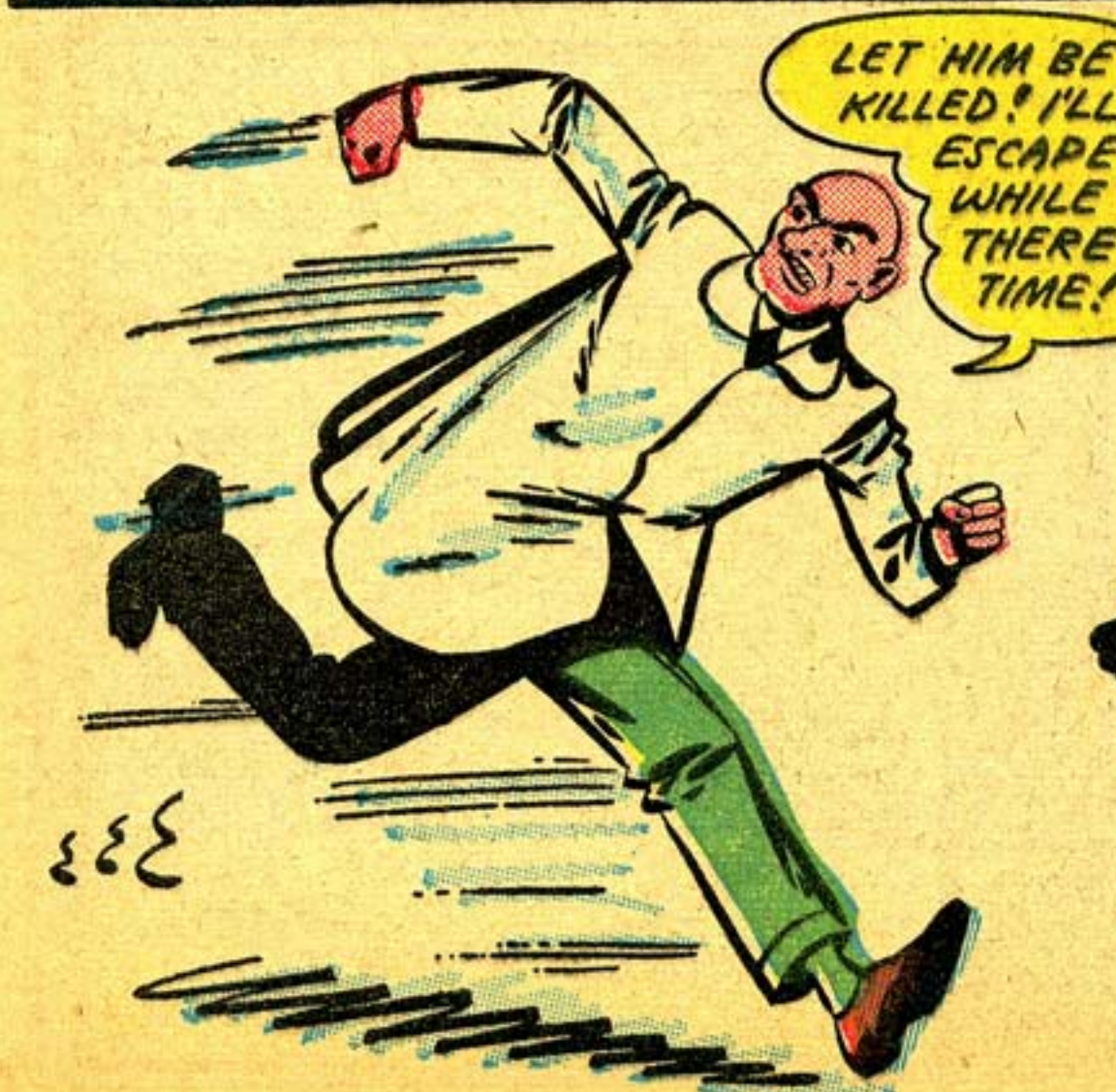
YOU CAN'T  
HARM ME....  
IC052K4!



HMM! I WONDER?  
THAT DOESN'T SOUND  
LIKE THE REAL  
FORMULA!

RIGHT, DR.  
KARVALLA-- YOU'RE  
WRONG! YOU PRONOUNCED THE WRONG  
FORMULA AND ANYTHING MAY HAPPEN NOW!









NOT MUCH FIGHT IN HIM!  
I KILLED HIM  
WITH A SINGLE  
PUNCH!

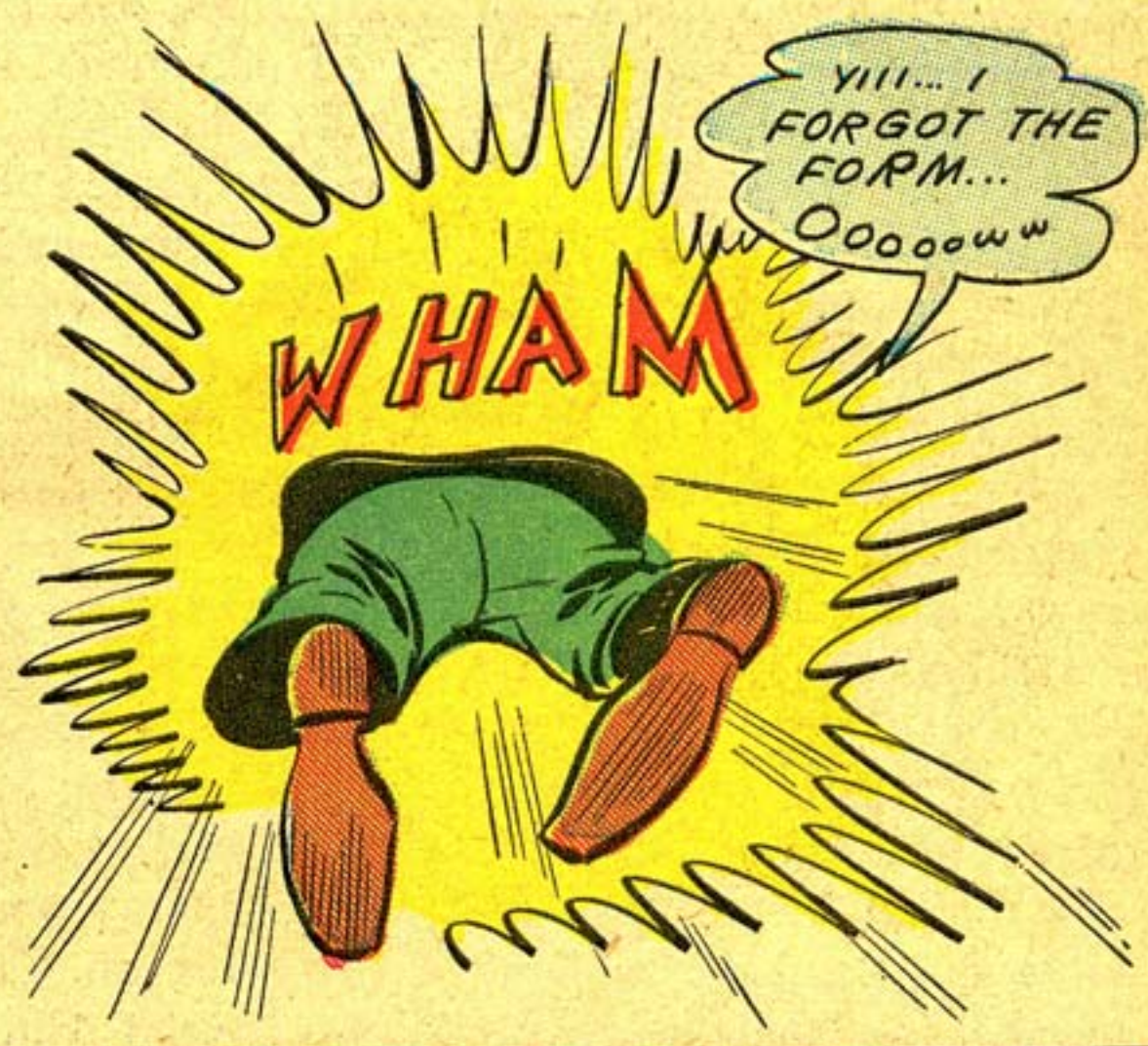


NOW I'LL TAKE  
UP WHERE I  
LEFT OFF!

HE'S  
CATCHING ME!



I'LL RUN THROUGH  
THIS BUILDING AND  
GET AWAY!  
X47...



YIII... I  
FORGOT THE  
FORM...  
Ooooooww



SAVED ME THE TROUBLE!  
I KNOW JUST THE PLACE  
FOR YOU!  
AND I DO  
MEAN THE  
CITY  
JAIL!



SOME TIME LATER RUBE IS  
IN HIS HOME ENJOYING  
HIS EVENING PAPER...



WHILE DR. KARVALLA IS STILL  
VAINLY TRYING TO REMEMBER  
HIS FORMULA...

BAH! I CAN'T REMEM-  
BER ANYTHING! EXCEPT HOW  
I HATE THAT RED  
RUBE! I HATE HIM TO  
LITTLE PIECES! AND  
I'LL GET EVEN  
SOMEDAY!

BEWARE, RED RUBE... YOU  
MAY HEAR FROM THE EVIL  
DR. KARVALLA AGAIN!



# THE FUTURE AND THE PAST

by HARRY ROSE

**I**T WAS a corpse, a shapeless mass huddled on the warm Tahitian sand. It lay a few feet off shore, black and shriveled, untouched by swells.

I ran to it, knelt, and took a brief glance. There was little doubt. Several days—perhaps a week it had lain there. I was a doctor and knew death when I saw it.

The body bore no external marks. The cold, discolored face was sunken, unrecognizable. Death, from all appearances, had resulted from drowning.

Rising, I looked both ways along the beach. Back of me was the lazy curve of the shore line, my footprints, and in the distance the village. Before me was a lagoon, beyond it an arching cliff. But to the right, nestled in a thick foliage past the sand was a shack, charred and broken.

I stared at it, trying to assemble my thoughts. A body washed upon the shore, for days lying unnoticed on the dry, sunbeaten sand. And the cabin—it was inhabited, for as I watched the crude wooden door opened and a man emerged. He saw me and stood still, watching.

I looked down at the huddled form again, then turned for the shack. But I saw something in the sand and stopped short. It was a faint, misshapen scrawl, etched on the beach a few inches from the head of the corpse, and it said simply: Don't go.

A message. Whether or not it was complete I couldn't tell.

Nor had I any notion of what it might mean. But it was there in the sand, and it said, "don't go."

Perplexed, I moved on up the beach to the shack. I was watched carefully by a tall, thin personage, white, shabbily dressed, and a little hawk-nosed.

He put his hands in his pockets and said: "You're from the village?"

I nodded. "I'm its one and only physician. I was strolling and came upon that corpse. Haven't you noticed it?"

"No. A corpse, eh?"

"You live here?"

He nodded.

"Don't you ever come out?"

"For air—yes." He breathed deeply and glanced at the sky. "May rain tonight." He turned his back and started for the door.

"Look," I said, following him, "there's been a body out there for almost a week and you haven't paid any attention to it. Doesn't that—"

"Had I known it was a corpse," he said drowsily, "I wouldn't have gone near it. That's something that weakens me."

I started to say something, but the words didn't come out. I was in the cabin doorway, my gaze frozen on a strange mechanism that all but filled the shack's interior. Such an affair as I had never seen before. Actually, it was indescribable, a twisted, perplexing heap of machinery.

"What's that?" I gasped, "an invention?"

The tall fellow turned and faced me. "In a way."

"But—if it isn't an invention—what is it?"

"A machine."

For a moment I was lost in bewilderment. "Who are you?" I asked, "and what is this—apparatus? What does it do?"

The other rolled a cigarette slowly, and lit it. Then he said: "I'm August Wharton—a scientist, so to speak. This is my work—my life devotion. It's a machine."

"I know—obviously it's a machine. But what's it for?"

He smiled. "I don't know yet. If it does what I think it will, its purpose could be for many things."

I stepped closer, trying to make sense out of the affair. But the thing wasn't to be understood by a doctor. To me, it was like a new language.

"Tahiti," I muttered, "is a funny place for this sort of thing. How long have you been—"

"Seven months. I'm finished now. Only a few experiments remain."

I stood there awhile, completely amazed.

Suddenly I remembered the corpse on the beach, and a few duties to perform. I hurried out, promising to return.

Natives rowed the body upshore to the village. Forbes, an assistant of mine, provided transportation to my quarters, where we awaited the arrival of authorities.



I told Forbes the story, and included Wharton.

"The name is familiar," he mused. "I believe the natives mentioned him not so long ago. Someone discovered the cabin and made an investigation. There was talk of this—machine."

"I can't understand it," I said. "It's the strangest affair I've ever seen—yet it must have some purpose. Wharton seems to know what he's doing, but doesn't care to discuss it. And the dead man—Wharton completely avoided him."

"Shut-ins get that way," said Forbes, "especially in Tahiti."

"Possibly. But I'm not satisfied with things. I'm going back. Care to come along?"

"No. I want to be in on the autopsy."

"That's an idea. Keep your eyes open."

The sun had disappeared behind clouds, veiling the shack and the winding shore line in a gray gloom. A swell formed and lapped across the beach, seeping into the damp sand a few feet from where I stood.

I was looking down at the dim outline left by the corpse, and the simple, meaningless "don't go". I wondered for a moment about the message—and the machine.

Then I turned and hurried to the cabin and flung the door back. I all but tripped in my amazement.

The shack was bare—the machine was gone and Wharton apparently had gone with it. All that remained was a battered chair, a desk, and a notebook.

Shaking a little, I took the

notebook outside, knelt on the sand and began turning the dusty, half-torn pages. Here, perhaps, was the answer, or a clue.

I came upon a penciled script, and read at random:

"April 9. Framework completed. Must stop to await arrival of last shipment from Hawaii. Progress normal."

I turned a page.

"May 12. Storm receding. Progress slowed in view of exterior work necessary on cabin."

"May 21. Visitors last night. Natives, perhaps, whose curiosity overcame them. No harm to the apparatus, though future precaution may be of value."

Another page.

"June 4. Final touches completed. Had another visitor—a white man—first to see the machine. In a few moments I shall experiment, before he returns. He discovered a corpse on the beach, and when he left I investigated. There was a strange scrawling in the sand which I did not understand. However, it is none of my concern . . ."

Running footsteps interrupted me. I looked up, and Forbes, puffing and wideyed, came to a halt.

"The queerest," he panted, "case we've seen. At the autopsy—they took fingerprints—the corpse is Wharton!"

"Wharton! But I saw him in the cabin—at the same time!"

"I know—but the prints don't lie—the fellow is Wharton!"

"That's crazy," I growled. "One man can't be in two places—" I paused, remembering the script. "Wait. There's more to this diary."

We read the last entry:

"Everything is in good order. My only danger lies in the rotation of the earth. If my theories are wrong, I may land in the ocean. If not, I will be transported safely seven days into the past . . ."

The same thought came to both of us. A time traveller!

Suddenly it was clear. Wharton had left for the past, had landed in the ocean, and had swum ashore. The corpse—had it been recognizable—

I sat there in a stupor, unable to move. "That's it," I managed at length, "Wharton became the corpse after his time journey. You see, Forbes—the cabin is empty." I handed him the diary, and he read the last page.

Then he stood there a moment, thinking. "My God!" he exclaimed. "I see it all now. The message in the sand. He was going to warn himself, but he didn't finish—don't you see?"

"What are you babbling about?" I demanded.

"Look—the diary says Wharton saw the message before he left. So, when he swam ashore and fell exhausted on the beach, he began writing, but stopped because he remembered seeing the message before. It fits perfectly—"

"What fits? What do you mean?"

"That's right, I didn't tell you. Wharton's death wasn't caused by drowning or exhaustion. It was caused by the fact that after he had scrawled two words in the sand, he remembered that the message had ended there, and that he was going to become the corpse. The autopsy explains that. He died of heart attack."



The

# FLYING DRAGONS

BY Bill Vigoda

HANK



SPUD





WE OPEN OUR STORY IN THE MESS HALL OF THE FLYING DRAGONS, AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS IN THE CHINESE AIR FORCE... THE COMMANDING OFFICER SPEAKS...

ORDERS FROM WASHINGTON, BOYS! WE'RE BEING DISBANDED -- YOU CAN REENLIST IN THE ARMY AIR CORPS, IF YOU WISH!



SUDDENLY...

JAP PLANES!! LET'S GIVE IT TO 'EM!! AND MAKE IT GOOD!!



THAT YANKEE IS A FIEND! HE IS SHOOTING OUR PLANES DOWN LIKE CLAY PIGEONS!



WHO IS THIS INTREPID CLOUD-BUSTER SPREADING HAVOC AMONG THE NIPS? LET'S TAKE A PEEK INTO HIS PLANE AND MEET...



HANK O'TOOLE.. ACE OF ACES...

SO LONG SUCKER!!









ME THANKEE...  
HECK! WISH I  
COULD REMEMBER  
MY CHINESE!!



JAP.. BOAT...  
HIDE!!



HALLO.. THERE...  
CHINESE DOG!!  
STAND BY FOR  
INSPECTION!!



LATER...

EVERYTHING IN  
ORDER.. YOU CAN  
PROCEED.. BARBARIAN!



WHEW!! GLAD  
THEY'RE GONE! THIS  
FISH STINKS! THAT  
VELLY CLOSE!!  
YOU UNDELSTAND??

SURE! BUT I'D  
UNDERSTAND A  
LOT BETTER IF YOU  
GAVE IT TO ME IN  
STRAIGHT ENGLISH!



WHAT TH'...??  
WHAT GOES??



HA..HA!! I'M WEAR-  
ING A DISGUISE I'M  
A YANK LIKE YOU...  
MY PARENTS WERE  
MISSIONARIES...THEY  
WERE KILLED BY  
THE JAPS!



I VOWED VENGEANCE!!  
I'M FIGHTING WITH CHINESE  
GUERILLAS!! HERE WE  
ARE!!



OUR HIDEOUT  
IS HIDDEN IN  
THAT PASS!!





GREETINGS, SPUD! SEE  
YOU HAVE BROUGHT US  
A MOST WELCOME  
GUEST. ONE WHO  
FLIES THE  
IRON FALCON.



SPUD! THAT'S ME,  
HANK! SEE-- JUST AD-  
HESIVE TAPE TO SLANT  
MY EYES..AND A  
LITTLE MUD TO  
COLOR MY SKIN!

SUDDENLY...

JAP SCOUTS!!  
THEY DRIVE  
IN IRON  
HORSE  
NEARBY!!

TO ARMS! GUERILLAS!  
WE'LL AMBUSH  
THE ASSASSINS!!

THERE THEY ARE!!  
QUIET NOW!! WAIT  
FOR THE SIGNAL!

FIRE!

THAT'S YOUR FOURTH  
ONE, KID -- YOU DON'T  
MISS!!

NUMBER FIVE!  
ZOWIE! THAT'S  
WHAT I CALL SHOOT-  
ING, SPUD!!

THEY ARE DEAD!!  
BRING THE IRON  
HORSE AND LET  
US GO!!



I'VE BEEN THINKING IT OVER... I'M NOT GOING!! I'LL STAY IF YOU'LL LET ME!!

WONDERFUL!!

WE HAVE A SALVAGED PLANE THAT YOU CAN USE!! BUT YOU'LL NEED A REAR GUNNER!

WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I'D LIKE TO HAVE SPUD! HE'S TERRIFIC!

AS YOU WISH!

COUNT ME IN, I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A FLYING DRAGON!

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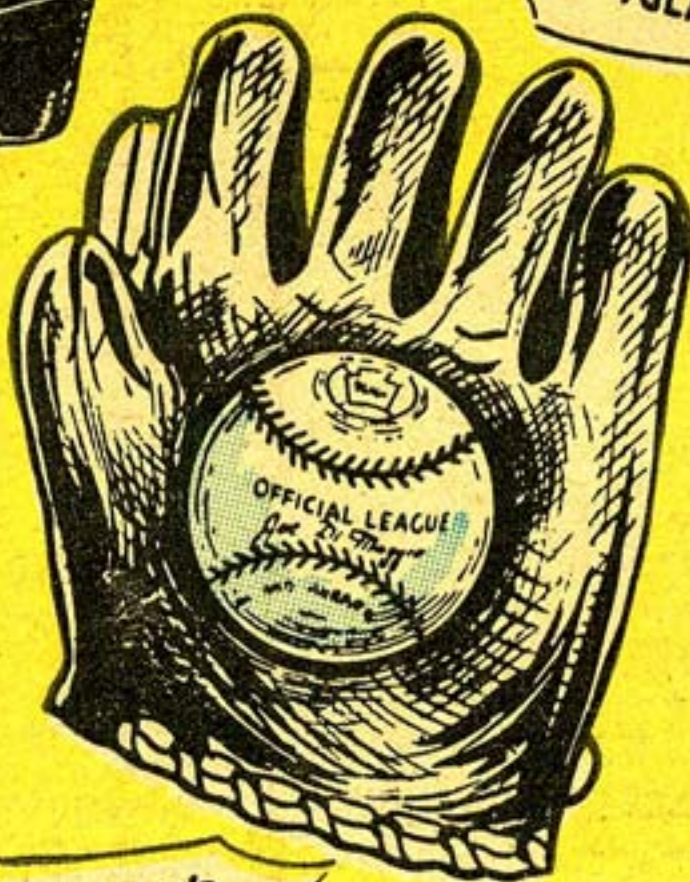


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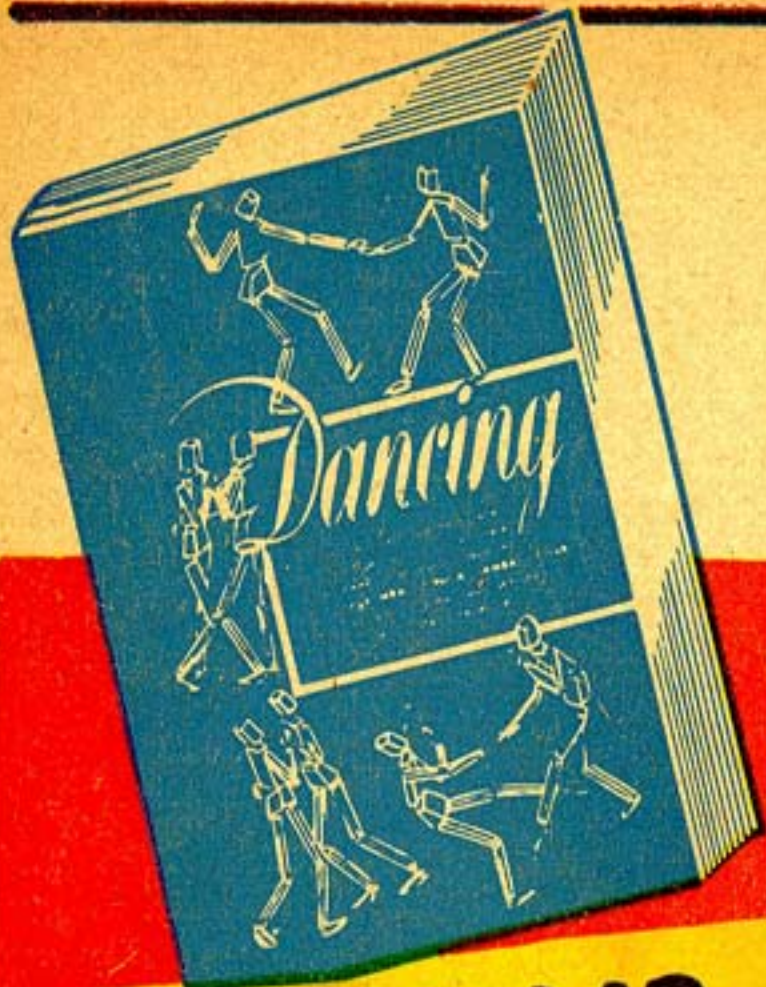
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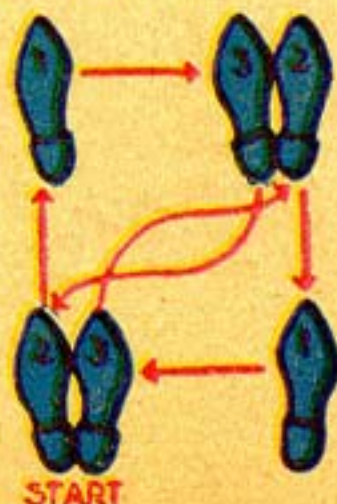
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